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KID COLT OUTLAW

10¢

JULY
No. 15

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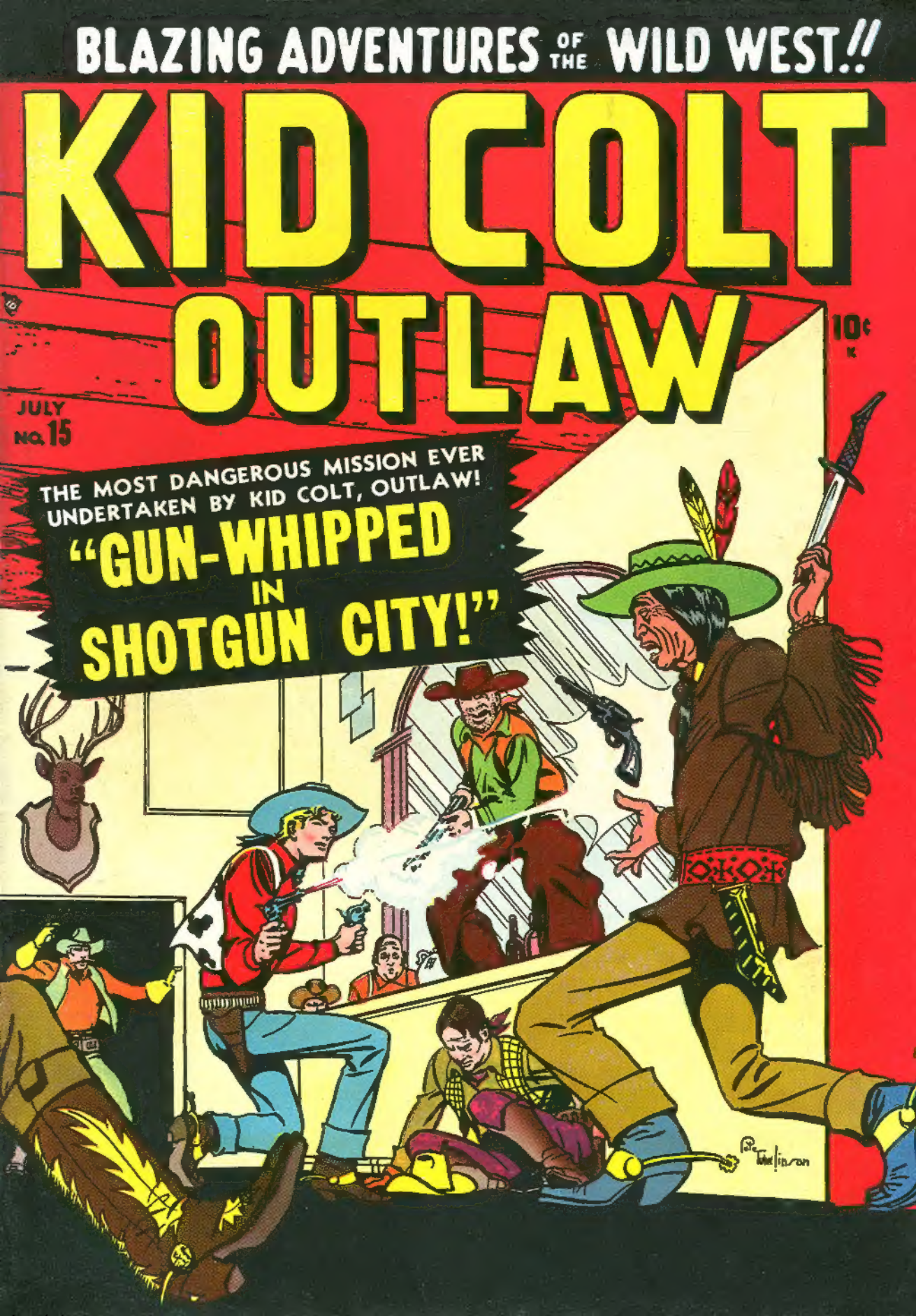
"GUN-WHIPPED IN SHOTGUN CITY!"



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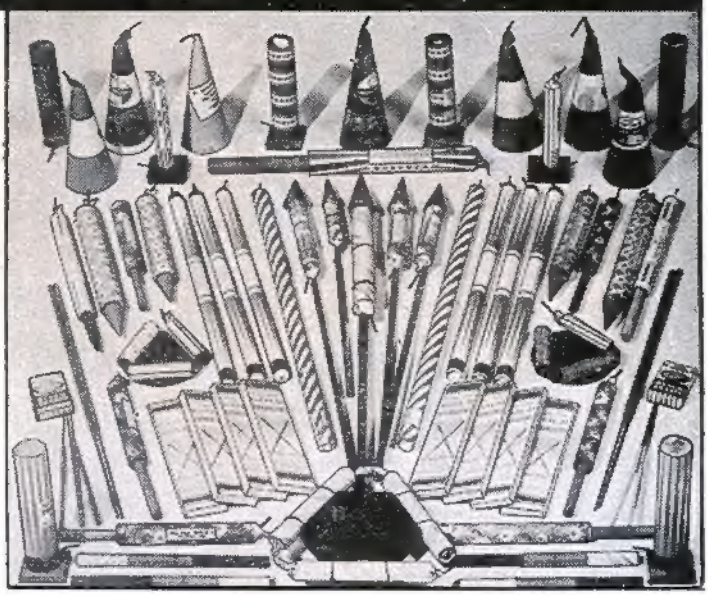

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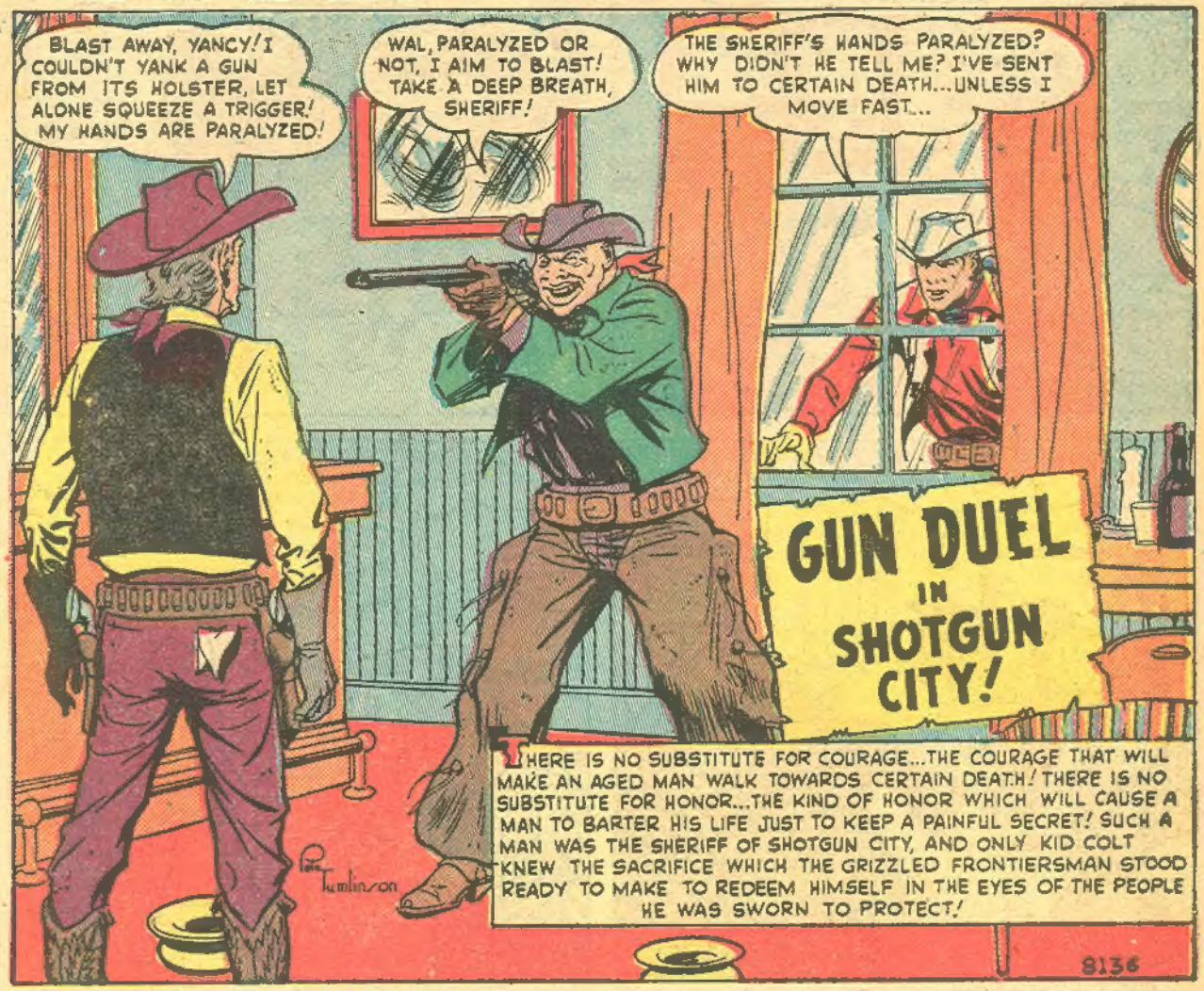
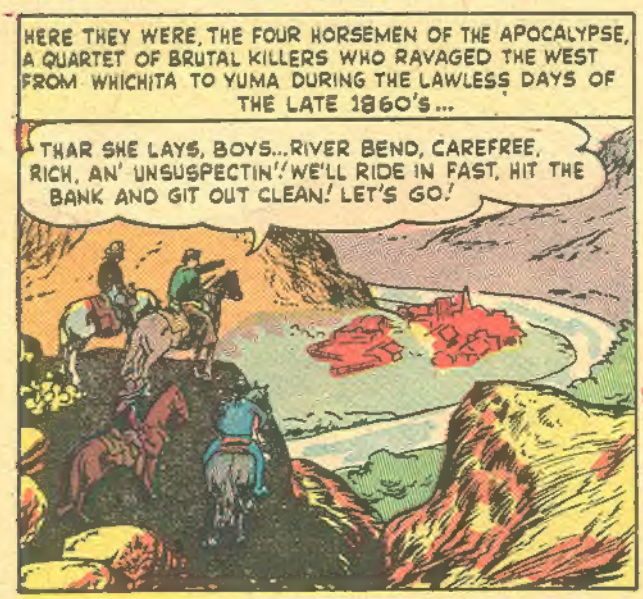
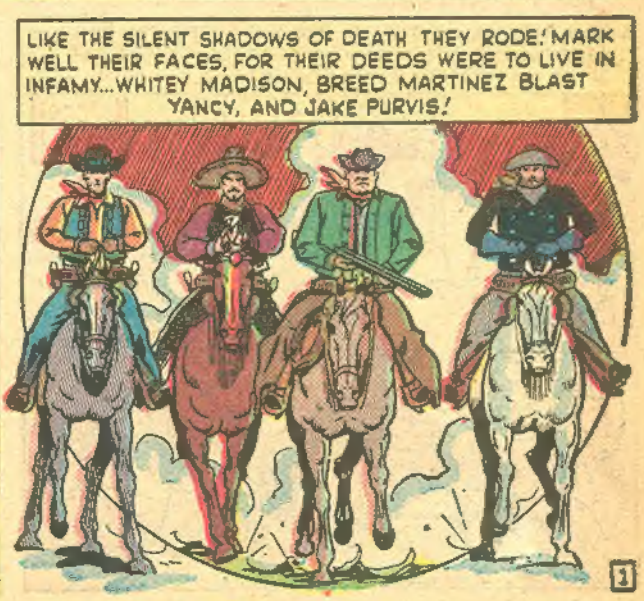
KID COLT


BLAST AWAY, YANCY! I COULDN'T YANK A GUN FROM ITS HOLSTER, LET ALONE SQUEEZE A TRIGGER! MY HANDS ARE PARALYZED!
WAL, PARALYZED OR NOT, I AIM TO BLAST! TAKE A DEEP BREATH, SHERIFF!
THE SHERIFF'S HANDS PARALYZED? WHY DIDN'T HE TELL ME? I'VE SENT HIM TO CERTAIN DEATH...UNLESS I MOVE FAST...
GUN DUEL IN SHOTGUN CITY!
THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR COURAGE...THE COURAGE THAT WILL MAKE AN AGED MAN WALK TOWARDS CERTAIN DEATH! THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR HONOR...THE KIND OF HONOR WHICH WILL CAUSE A MAN TO BARTER HIS LIFE JUST TO KEEP A PAINFUL SECRET! SUCH A MAN WAS THE SHERIFF OF SHOTGUN CITY, AND ONLY KID COLT KNEW THE SACRIFICE WHICH THE GRIZZLED FRONTIERSMAN STOOD READY TO MAKE TO REDEEM HIMSELF IN THE EYES OF THE PEOPLE HE WAS SWORN TO PROTECT!
Ray Tumlinson
8136


HERE THEY WERE, THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE, A QUARTET OF BRUTAL KILLERS WHO RAVAGED THE WEST FROM WHICHITA TO YUMA DURING THE LAWLESS DAYS OF THE LATE 1860'S...
THAR SHE LAYS, BOYS...RIVER BEND, CAREFREE, RICH, AN' UNSUSPECTIN'! WE'LL RIDE IN FAST, HIT THE BANK AND GIT OUT CLEAN! LET'S GO!


LIKE THE SILENT SHADOWS OF DEATH THEY RODE! MARK WELL THEIR FACES, FOR THEIR DEEDS WERE TO LIVE IN INFAMY...WHITEY MADISON, BREED MARTINEZ BLAST YANCY, AND JAKE PURVIS!

THEY RODE AND THE TOWN FELL SILENT BEFORE THEM LIKE THE DEAD HUSH OF A MEADOW BEFORE A STORM...
IT'S BLAST YANCY AN' HIS CUTTHROAT COMPADRES! MIGHT AS WELL GIT INSIDE AN' WAIT TILL THEY CLEAR OUT!

WHITEY, KEEP AN EYE ON THE HOSSES! THE REST OF YOU FOLLER ME IN AN' WORK FAST! I'D HATE TO GIT DAYLIGHTED HERE!
CITIZEN'S BANK

GIT GOIN', BOYS! DON'T LOAD YOURSELVES DOWN WITH CARTWHEELS! JUST TAKE DUST AN' CURRENCY!

WHAT'S THE MATTER? AIN'T THERE A SINGLE YALLER-LIVERED COYOTE GOT GUTS ENOUGH TO REACH FER HIS HARDWARE?

LIKE A WEASEL WHO KILLS FOR THE SHEER JOY OF KILLING, SO BLAST YANCY SENT A SHATTERING HAIL OF DEATH INTO HIS VICTIMS...

AND THUS THEY RODE TO BE SWALLOWED BY THE HILLS, NOT MEN, BUT HUMAN BEASTS OF PREY MORE DANGEROUS THAN THE LOWEST ANIMAL...
2

A WAKE OF DESTRUCTION FOLLOWED THE PATH OF BLAST YANCY, HIS SHOTGUN AND HIS WOLF PACK, UNTIL ON AUG. 9TH, 1868...

STA BUENOS, SENOR YANCY! TEN MILES FURTHER ON EES THE TOWN OF SHOTGUN CITY! WE REST FOR A WHILE NOW, EH?

SHOTGUN CITY? THAT NAME SUITS MY PARTICULAR TALENTS JEST FINE! I RECKON WE'RE DUE FER A LITTLE ENJOYMENT!

TWO HOURS LATER...

WHOA, STEEL! THERE'S TROUBLE DOWN YONDER! THAT'S A BUSHWHACKED STAGE IF I EVER SAW ONE! LET'S TROT DOWN!

STONE DEAD, EH, GRAN' PA?

TUMBLEWEED TATUM'S THE NAME, STRANGER! YAH, THEY'RE DAID, ALL RIGHT! I'VE SEEN MANY AN HOMBRE MANGLED BY LEAD, BUT THESE PORE CRITTERS IS SO TORE UP YOU CAN'T SEE THEIR FACES!

YOU'RE PLUMB RIGHT, AMIGO! ONLY A WIDE OPEN TEN GAUGE COULD SIEVE A MAN LIKE THAT!

YOU GOT A SHARP HAID ON YORE SHOULDERS, YOUNG FELLER! I'LL LAY A CART-WHEEL TO A PLUG OF CHEWIN' I KIN NAME THE BUSHWHACKER DID THIS JOB!

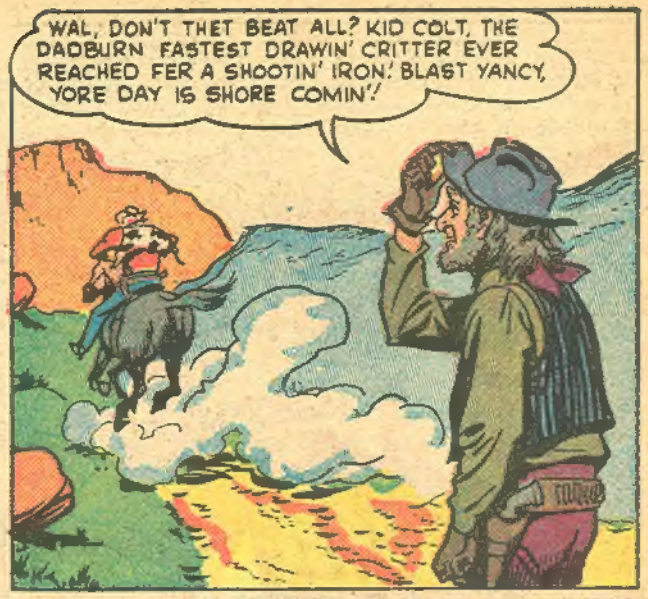
THERE'S ONLY ONE MAN IN THE TERRITORY DOES HIS KILLIN' WITH A TEN GAUGE SHOTGUN, AN' THAT'S BLAST YANCY! THIS IS HIS WORK!

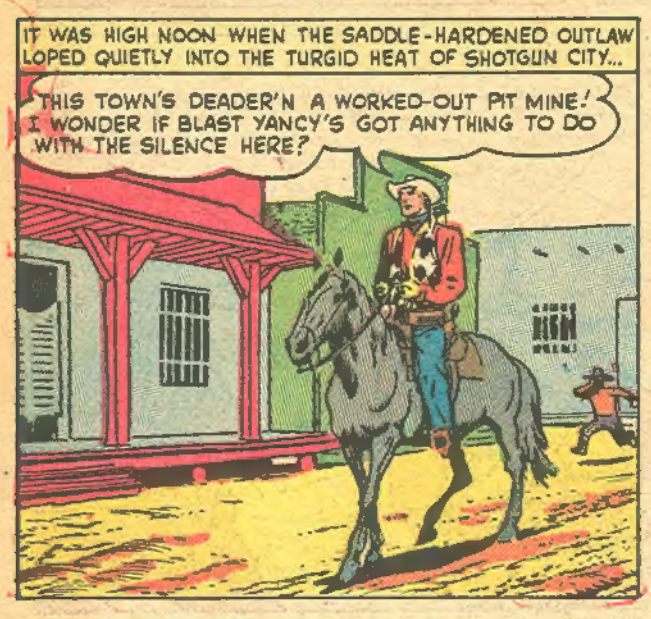
YANCY, EH? I'VE SEEN MEN FREEZE UP INSIDE AN SPIT WHEN YUH MENTION THAT NAME! I CAN 'PRECIATE THEIR SENTIMENTS WHEN I SEE A SIGHT LIKE THIS!

BY JUDAS, THAT KILLER'S DAY IS COMIN'! THIS IS CLEAN WIDE OPEN COUNTRY WITH A FUTURE SHINIER THAN A NUGGET, BUT IT'S MARCHIN' BACKWARDS WHILE YANCY AN' HIS KIND ARE RUNNIN' LOOSE! DADGUMMIT, IF I WERE A MITE YOUNGER I'D GO AFTER HIM MYSELF!

I RECKON I'LL DO JUST THAT, GRAN' PA, SEEIN' I'M YOUNGER'N YOU!

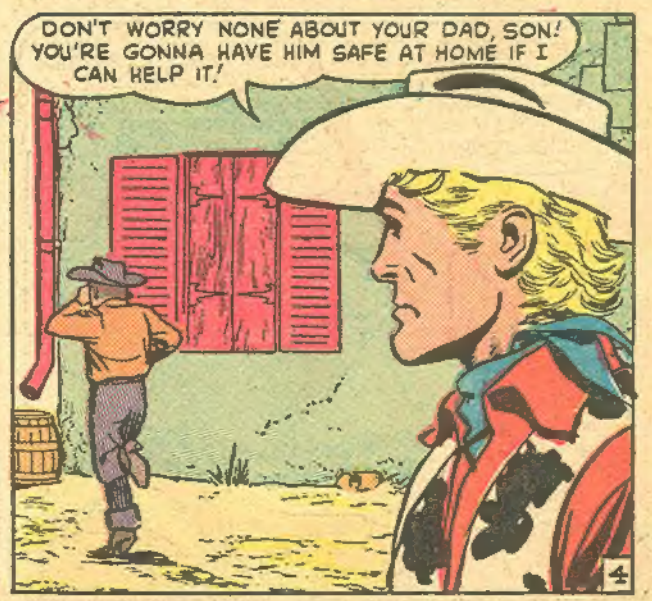
HEY, STRANGER! I LIKE THE CUT OF YOU AN' THE EASY WAY YOU CARRY YORESELF! WHAT'S YORE HANDLE IN CASE WE MEET AGAIN?
KID COLT'S THE HANDLE, GRAN' PA! MEBBE SOME DAY WE'LL CAMP BY A FIRE AN' SWAP YARNS! 'ASTA LA VISTA, OLE PARDNER!


WAL, DON'T THET BEAT ALL? KID COLT, THE DADBURN FASTEST DRAWIN' CRITTER EVER REACHED FER A SHOOTIN' IRON! BLAST YANCY, YORE DAY IS SHORE COMIN'!


IT WAS HIGH NOON WHEN THE SADDLE-HARDENED OUTLAW LOPED QUIETLY INTO THE TURGID HEAT OF SHOTGUN CITY...
THIS TOWN'S DEADER'N A WORKED-OUT PIT MINE! I WONDER IF BLAST YANCY'S GOT ANYTHING TO DO WITH THE SILENCE HERE?

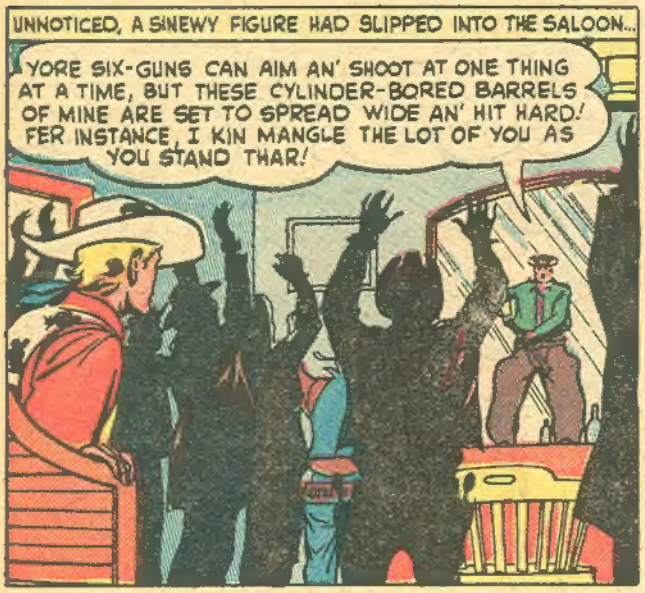
WHOA, LI'L AMIGO! ONE THING I PLUMB CAN'T TOLERATE IS TO SEE A SMALL DOGIE CRYIN'! WHAT'S WRONG, BOY?

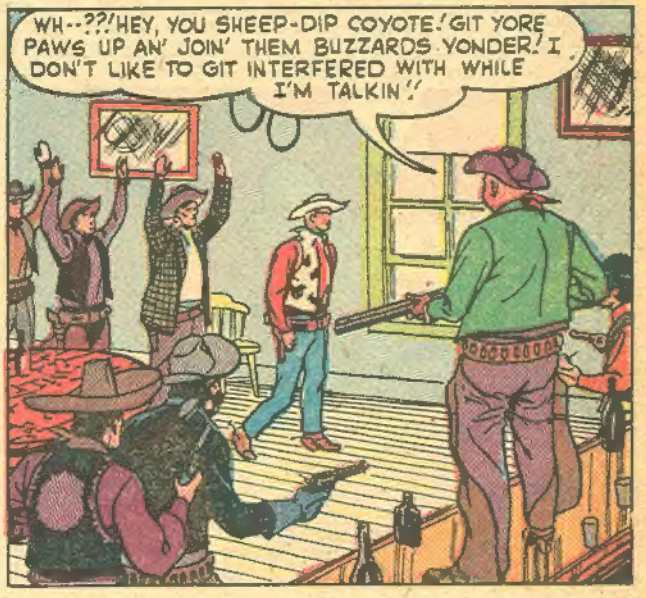
MY D-DAD! I G-GOTTA G-GET HOME AN' TELL MA! THAT MURDERIN' COYOTE BLAST YANCY'S GOT THE TOWN TREED IN THE SALOON UP THE STREET! HE MAY KILL M-MY DAD! LET GO OF ME, STRANGER, LET GO!


DON'T WORRY NONE ABOUT YOUR DAD, SON! YOU'RE GONNA HAVE HIM SAFE AT HOME IF I CAN HELP IT!
4

KEEP 'EM HIGH WHILE I GIVE YOU BUZZARDS A SHORT LECTURE ON THE FINE POINTS OF A TEN GAUGE SHOT-GUN! THE FIRST MAN BATS AN EYELID OR DROPS HIS HAND WILL GET A PERSONAL DEMONSTRATION!

NOW, MOST HOMBRES CARRY SIX-GUNS, BUT I'LL MATCH MY SHOTGUN AGIN ANY HAND GUN IN THE HOUSE AN' GIVE TIME TO DRAW BESIDES! YOU GOT SIX ROUNDS IN A SIX-GUN, BUT THESE TWO BARRELS ONLY FIRE TWICE!


UNNOTICED, A SINEWY FIGURE HAD SLIPPED INTO THE SALOON...
YORE SIX-GUNS CAN AIM AN' SHOOT AT ONE THING AT A TIME, BUT THESE CYLINDER-BORED BARRELS OF MINE ARE SET TO SPREAD WIDE AN' HIT HARD! FER INSTANCE, I KIN MANGLE THE LOT OF YOU AS YOU STAND THAR!


WH--??! HEY, YOU SHEEP-DIP COYOTE! GIT YORE PAWS UP AN' JOIN' THEM BUZZARDS YONDER! I DON'T LIKE TO GIT INTERFERED WITH WHILE I'M TALKIN'!

BY JUDAS, GIT YORE MANGY HIDE T'OTHER SIDE OF THE ROOM 'AFORE I BLAST YOU INTO PIECES SMALL ENOUGH TO FIT THROUGH A SIEVE! MOVE!
ONE TALL GLASS OF COOL MILK, AMIGO! THIS PLACE SHORE SMELLS LIKE A PACK OF HAWGS BEEN WALLOWIN' AROUND! MATTER OF FACT, SEEMS TO ME I HEAR A HAWG BELLOWIN' RIGHT NOW!

WAL, SCRATCH MY CHAPS! TALKIN' ABOUT HAWGS, HERE'S ONE NOW! I HEARD YORE LITTLE SPEECH, HAWG, AN' I'M HERE TO SAY YOU'RE A BRAGGIN', BLUSTERIN' BAG OF SMELLY WIND! POINT THEM BARRELS AWAY BEFORE I BEND THEM AROUND YORE DIRTY NECK!

GIT YORE SNOUT IN THE SAWDUST, SENOR SWINE!
STAND YORE HANDS, BOYS! THIS IS MY PLAY, AN' I AIM TO SEND THIS LOCO RANNY INTO KINGDOM COME! MAKE YORE GUNS TALK, MISTER!
THEY'LL TALK WHEN YORE DIRTY CLAWS TOUCH THEM SHOT-GUN TRIGGERS!
THE GREAT COLTS SLITHERED OUT OF THEIR WORN HOLSTERS AND TWO JETS OF ORANGE FLAME LICKED OUT WITH MIRACULOUS ACCURACY...
CRACK!
CRACK!
EAGERLY DOING THEIR MASTER'S BIDDING, THE SPITTING ROCKING SIX-GUNS TURNED THEIR VENGEANCE TO MORE DEADLY PURPOSE...
CLAW FOR THE CLOUDS, YANCY! I COULD BEEF YOU COLD, BUT I'M GOING TO LET THE SHERIFF OF SHOTGUN CITY HAVE THE PLEASURE OF TAKIN' YOU IN!
CRACK!
I'M LEAVIN' IT UP TO YOU BOYS TO SEE YANCY STAYS HERE UNTIL YORE SHERIFF GETS HERE! YOU GOT ANOTHER SHOTGUN, YANCY?
IN MY SADDLE BAG, AN' YOU'RE GOIN' TO GET BOTH BARRELS!
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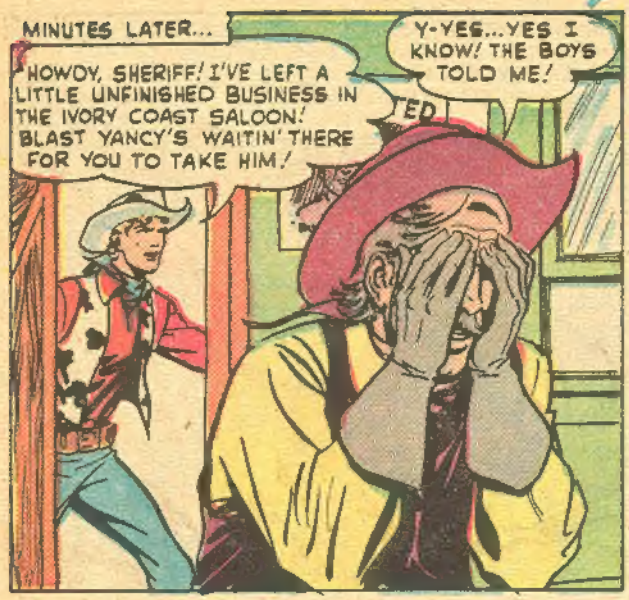
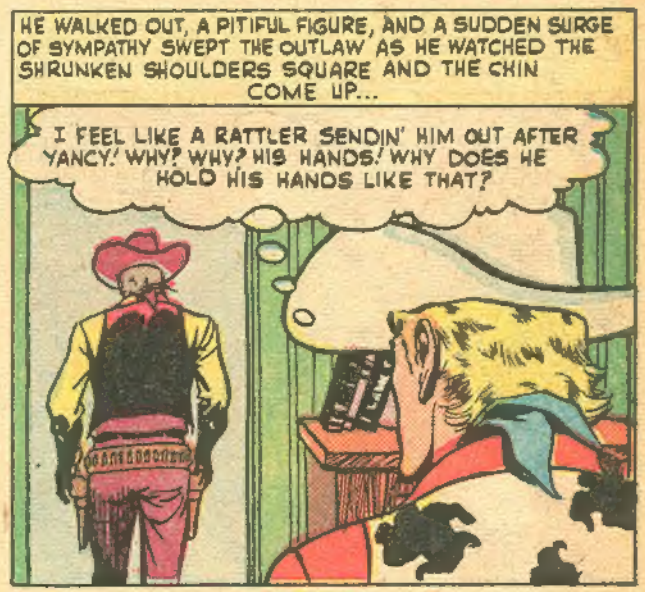
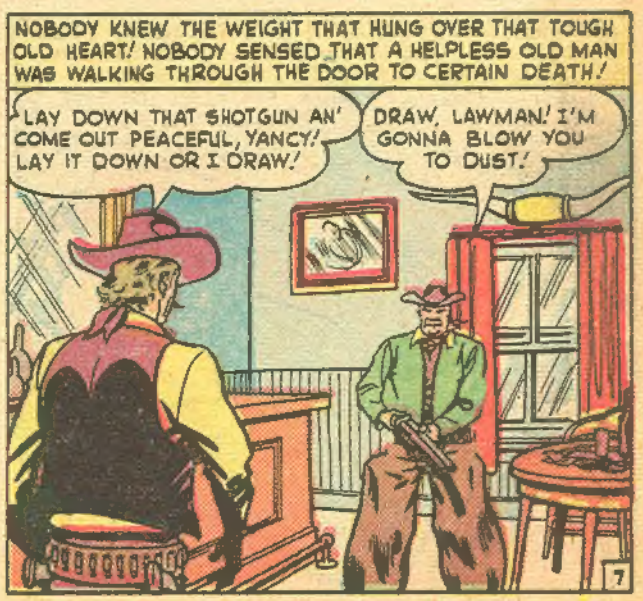

MINUTES LATER...
HOWDY, SHERIFF! I'VE LEFT A LITTLE UNFINISHED BUSINESS IN THE IVORY COAST SALOON! BLAST YANCY'S WAITIN' THERE FOR YOU TO TAKE HIM!
Y-YES...YES I KNOW! THE BOYS TOLD ME!
ED

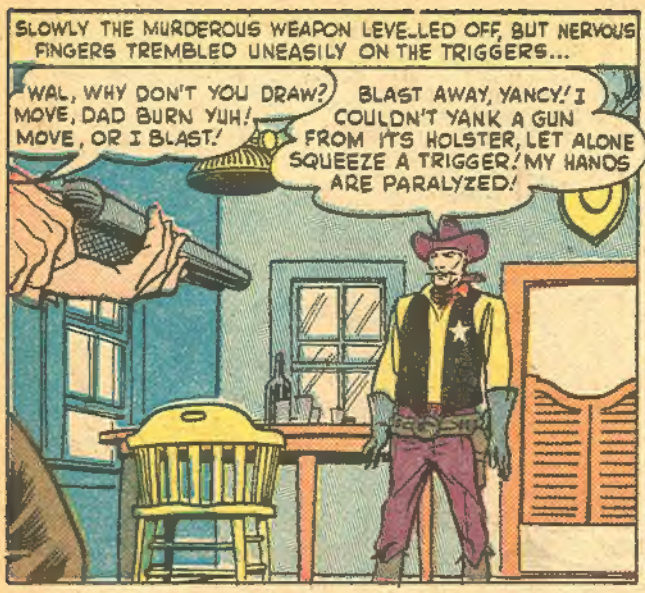
THERE'S A HUNDRED LAWMEN IN THE TERRITORY WOULD LIKE TO GET A CRACK AT THAT KILLER! HOW COME YOU DON'T SEEM SO ANXIOUS?
Y-YOU'VE GOT THE SAME SPARKLE IN YORE EYES I HAD AS A MAVERICK! YOU'RE YOUNG, MEBBE THAT'S WHY YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! THINGS START HAPPENIN' TO AN OLD MAN LIKE ME!

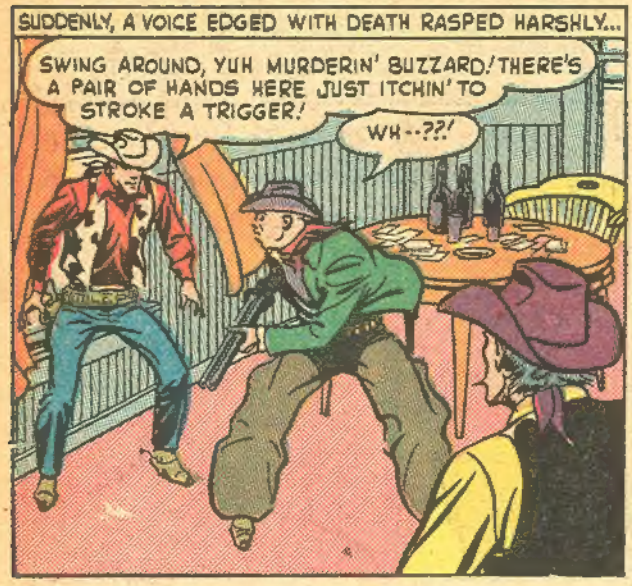
YOU'VE GOT YORE GUNS STRAPPED ON! YOU'VE GOT YORE BADGE, TOO! THE WHOLE TOWN'S WAITIN' FOR YOU TO TAKE YANCY! NO, I DON'T UNDERSTAND!
Y-YES, I'M THE SHERIFF OF SHOTGUN CITY...BUT MEBBE I HADN'T OUGHT TO BE! I'LL TAKE HIM!


HE WALKED OUT, A PITIFUL FIGURE, AND A SUDDEN SURGE OF SYMPATHY SWEPT THE OUTLAW AS HE WATCHED THE SHRUNKEN SHOULDERS SQUARE AND THE CHIN COME UP...
I FEEL LIKE A RATTLER SENDIN' HIM OUT AFTER YANCY! WHY? WHY? HIS HANDS! WHY DOES HE HOLD HIS HANDS LIKE THAT?

EVERYBODY BUT BLAST YANCY START BACKIN' OUT OF THAT SALOON! YANCY, I'M COMIN' IN AFTER YOU!


NOBODY KNEW THE WEIGHT THAT HUNG OVER THAT TOUGH OLD HEART! NOBODY SENSED THAT A HELPLESS OLD MAN WAS WALKING THROUGH THE DOOR TO CERTAIN DEATH!
LAY DOWN THAT SHOTGUN AN' COME OUT PEACEFUL, YANCY! LAY IT DOWN OR I DRAW!
DRAW, LAWMAN! I'M GONNA BLOW YOU TO DUST!





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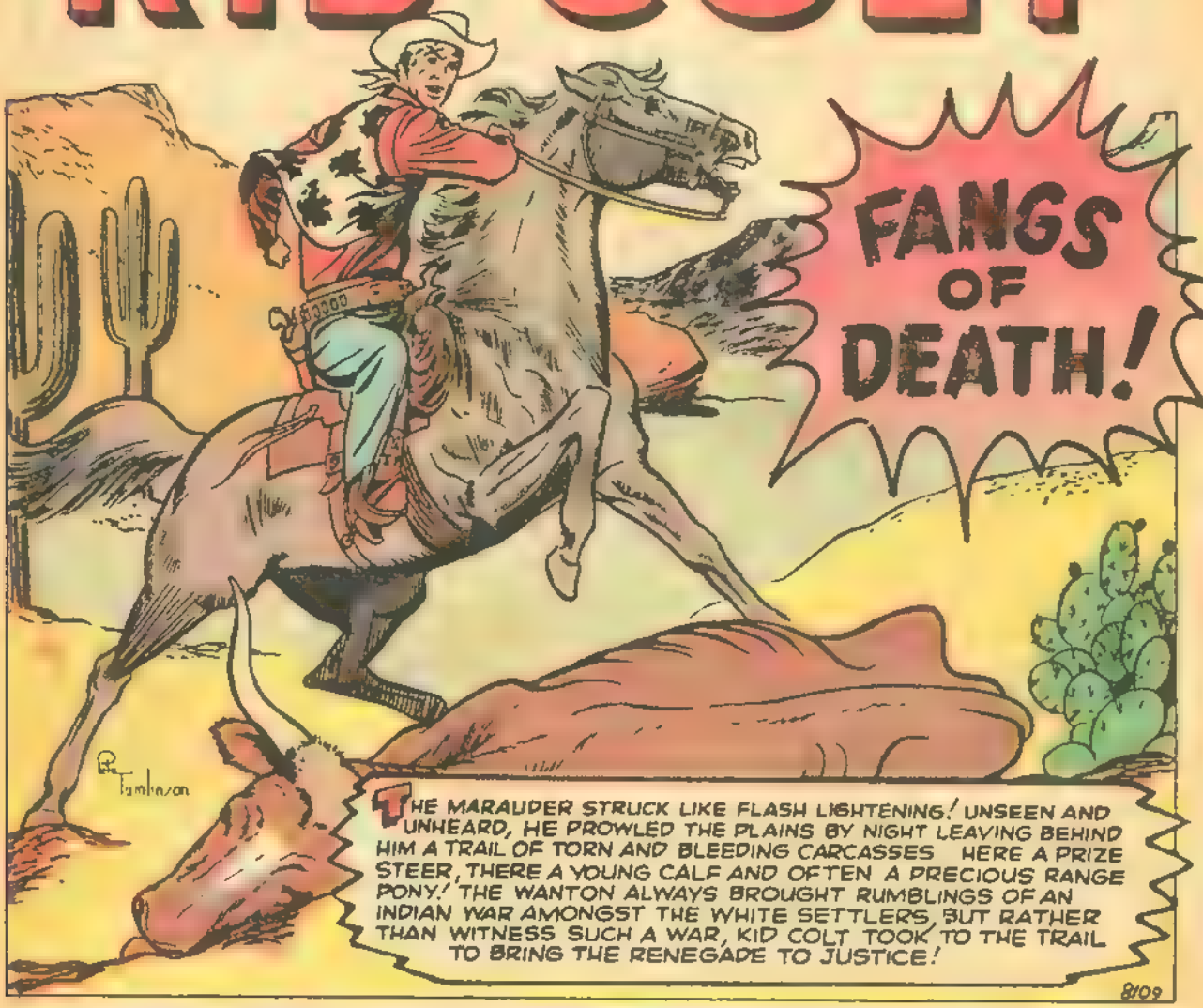
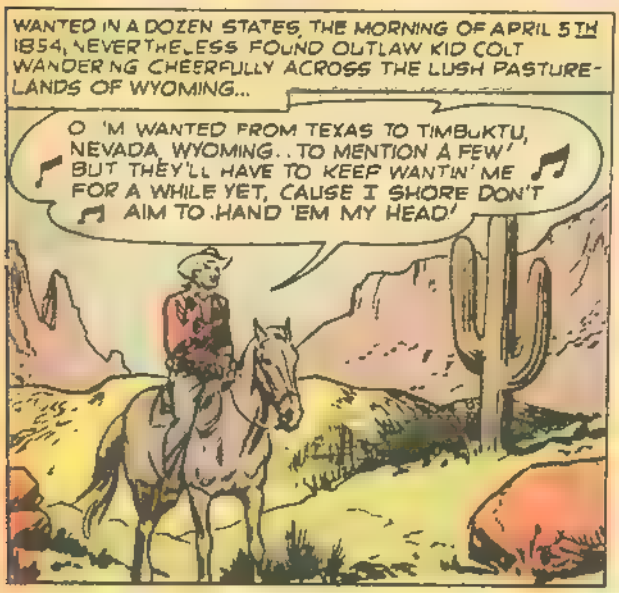
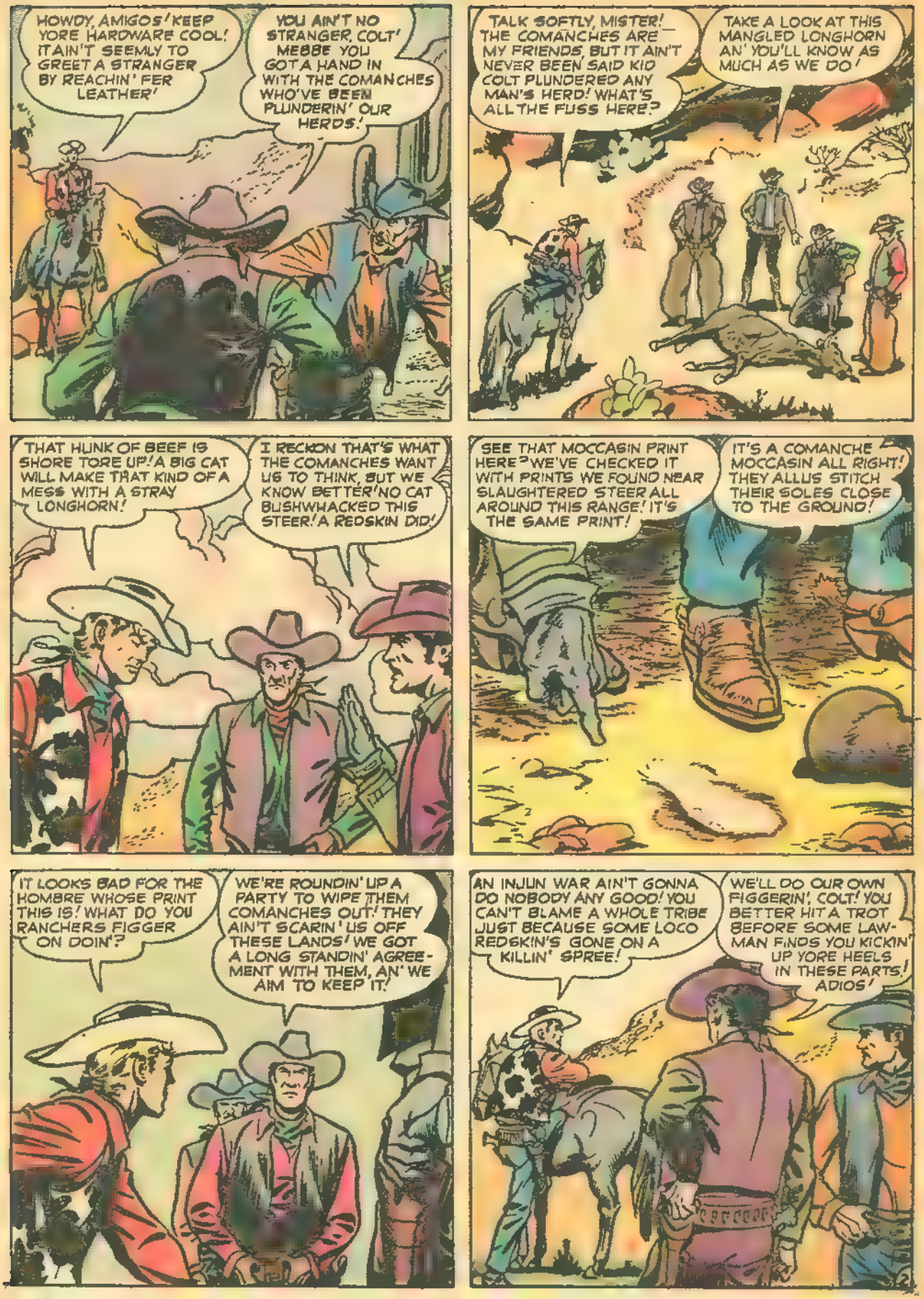
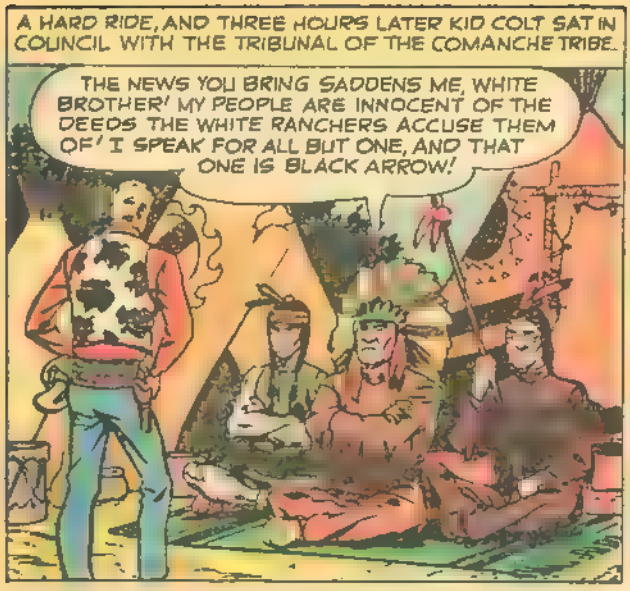
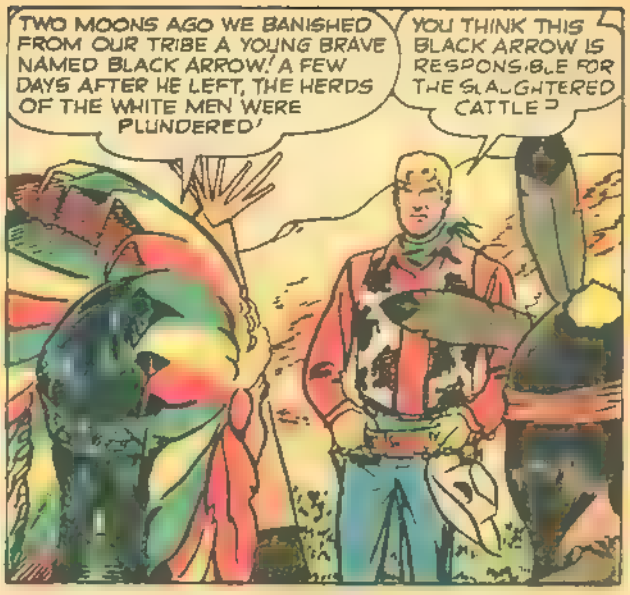

FANGS OF DEATH!
THE MARAUDER STRUCK LIKE FLASH LIGHTENING! UNSEEN AND UNHEARD, HE PROWLED THE PLAINS BY NIGHT LEAVING BEHIND HIM A TRAIL OF TORN AND BLEEDING CARCASSES HERE A PRIZE STEER, THERE A YOUNG CALF AND OFTEN A PRECIOUS RANGE PONY! THE WANTON ALWAYS BROUGHT RUMBLINGS OF AN INDIAN WAR AMONGST THE WHITE SETTLERS, BUT RATHER THAN WITNESS SUCH A WAR, KID COLT TOOK TO THE TRAIL TO BRING THE RENEGADE TO JUSTICE!
8/09

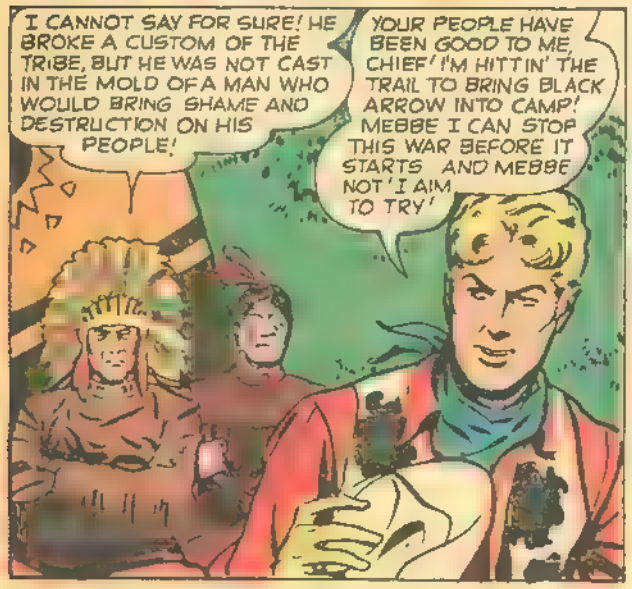

WANTED IN A DOZEN STATES, THE MORNING OF APRIL 5TH 1854, NEVERTHELESS FOUND OUTLAW KID COLT WANDERING CHEERFULLY ACROSS THE LUSH PASTURE-LANDS OF WYOMING...
O 'M WANTED FROM TEXAS TO TIMBUKTU, NEVADA, WYOMING.. TO MENTION A FEW' BUT THEY'LL HAVE TO KEEP WANTIN' ME FOR A WHILE YET, CAUSE I SHORE DON'T AIM TO HAND 'EM MY HEAD!

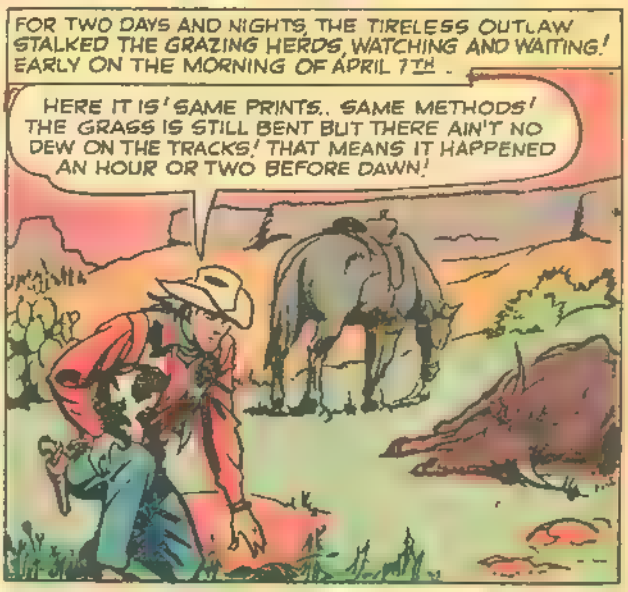
WHOA, STEEL! LOOKS LIKE SOME PUNCHERS ARE HOLDIN' A MEETIN' OVER THE CARCASS OF A LONGHORN! LET'S MOSEY DOWN!
1


HOWDY, AMIGOS! KEEP YORE HARDWARE COOL! IT AIN'T SEEMLY TO GREET A STRANGER BY REACHIN' FER LEATHER!
YOU AIN'T NO STRANGER, COLT! MEBBE YOU GOT A HAND IN WITH THE COMANCHES WHO'VE BEEN PLUNDERIN' OUR HERDS!
TALK SOFTLY, MISTER! THE COMANCHES ARE MY FRIENDS, BUT IT AIN'T NEVER BEEN SAID KID COLT PLUNDERED ANY MAN'S HERD! WHAT'S ALL THE FUSS HERE?
TAKE A LOOK AT THIS MANGLED LONGHORN AN' YOU'LL KNOW AS MUCH AS WE DO!
THAT HUNK OF BEEF IS SHORE TORE UP! A BIG CAT WILL MAKE THAT KIND OF A MESS WITH A STRAY LONGHORN!
I RECKON THAT'S WHAT THE COMANCHES WANT US TO THINK, BUT WE KNOW BETTER! NO CAT BUSHWHACKED THIS STEER! A REDSKIN DID!
SEE THAT MOCCASIN PRINT HERE? WE'VE CHECKED IT WITH PRINTS WE FOUND NEAR SLAUGHTERED STEER ALL AROUND THIS RANGE! IT'S THE SAME PRINT!
IT'S A COMANCHE MOCCASIN ALL RIGHT! THEY ALLUS STITCH THEIR SOLES CLOSE TO THE GROUND!
IT LOOKS BAD FOR THE HOMBRE WHOSE PRINT THIS IS! WHAT DO YOU RANCHERS FIGGER ON DOIN'?
WE'RE ROUNDIN' UP A PARTY TO WIPE THEM COMANCHES OUT! THEY AIN'T SCARIN' US OFF THESE LANDS! WE GOT A LONG STANDIN' AGREEMENT WITH THEM, AN' WE AIM TO KEEP IT!
AN INJUN WAR AIN'T GONNA DO NOBODY ANY GOOD! YOU CAN'T BLAME A WHOLE TRIBE JUST BECAUSE SOME LOCO REDSKIN'S GONE ON A KILLIN' SPREE!
WE'LL DO OUR OWN FIGGERIN', COLT! YOU BETTER HIT A TROT BEFORE SOME LAW-MAN FINDS YOU KICKIN' UP YORE HEELS IN THESE PARTS! ADIOS!

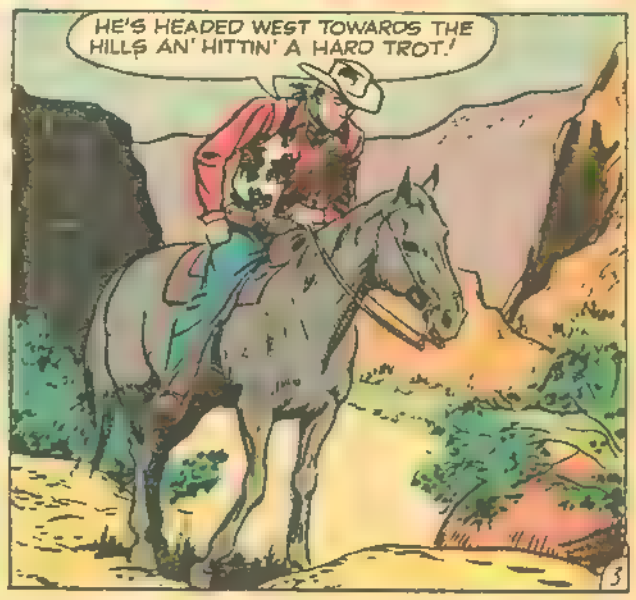

A HARD RIDE, AND THREE HOURS LATER KID COLT SAT IN COUNCIL WITH THE TRIBUNAL OF THE COMANCHE TRIBE.
THE NEWS YOU BRING SADDENS ME, WHITE BROTHER! MY PEOPLE ARE INNOCENT OF THE DEEDS THE WHITE RANCHERS ACCUSE THEM OF! I SPEAK FOR ALL BUT ONE, AND THAT ONE IS BLACK ARROW!

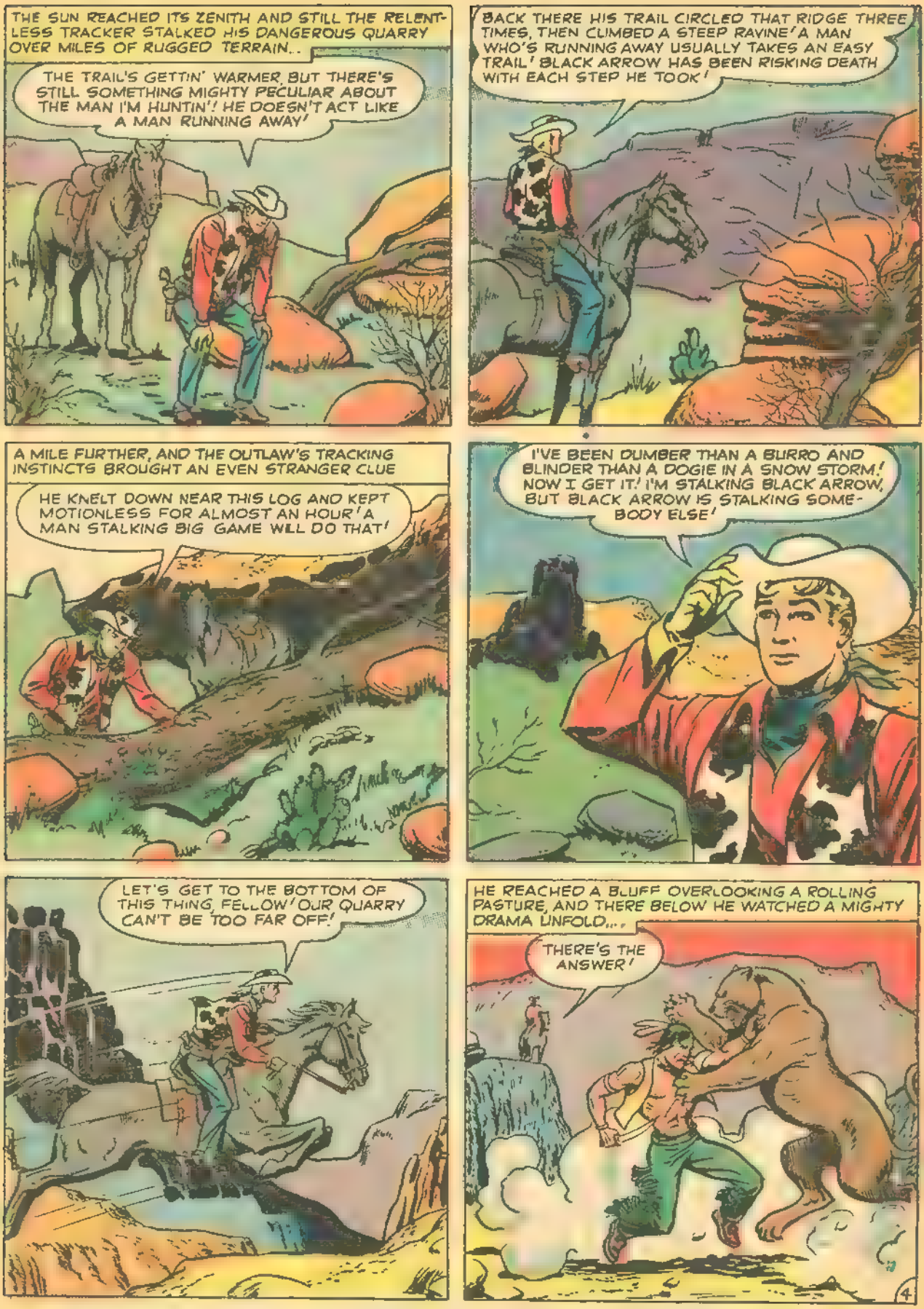

TWO MOONS AGO WE BANISHED FROM OUR TRIBE A YOUNG BRAVE NAMED BLACK ARROW! A FEW DAYS AFTER HE LEFT, THE HERDS OF THE WHITE MEN WERE PLUNDERED!
YOU THINK THIS BLACK ARROW IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SLAUGHTERED CATTLE?

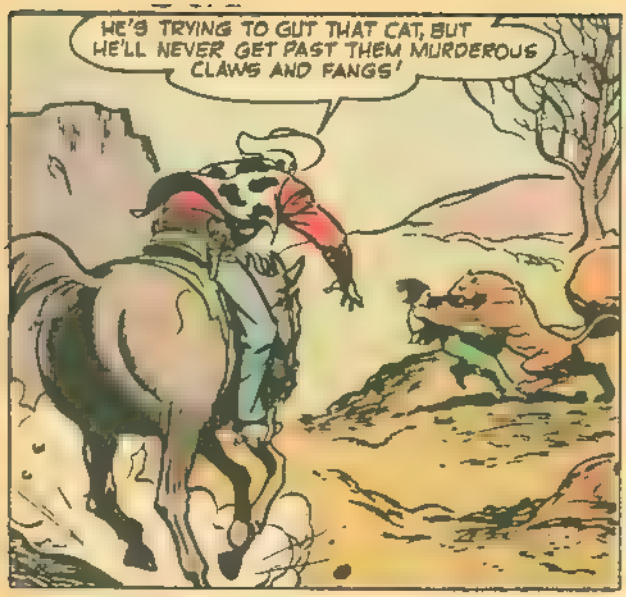

I CANNOT SAY FOR SURE! HE BROKE A CUSTOM OF THE TRIBE, BUT HE WAS NOT CAST IN THE MOLD OF A MAN WHO WOULD BRING SHAME AND DESTRUCTION ON HIS PEOPLE!
YOUR PEOPLE HAVE BEEN GOOD TO ME, CHIEF! I'M HITTIN' THE TRAIL TO BRING BLACK ARROW INTO CAMP! MEBBE I CAN STOP THIS WAR BEFORE IT STARTS AND MEBBE NOT! I AIM TO TRY!

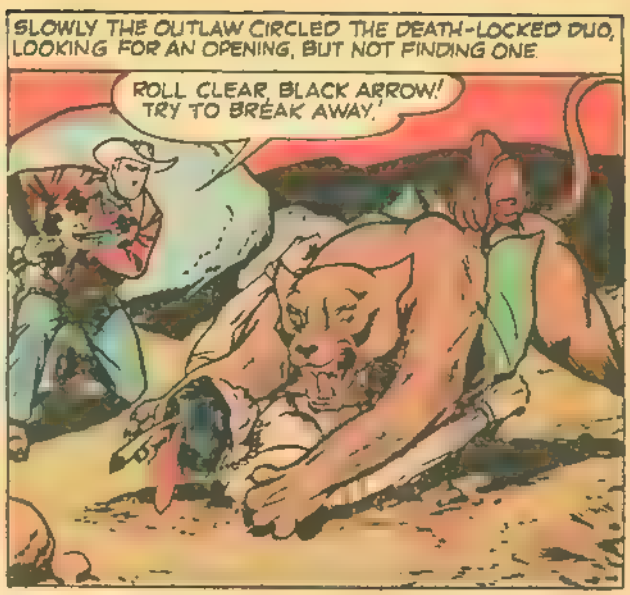

FOR TWO DAYS AND NIGHTS, THE TIRELESS OUTLAW STALKED THE GRAZING HERDS, WATCHING AND WAITING! EARLY ON THE MORNING OF APRIL 7TH.
HERE IT IS! SAME PRINTS.. SAME METHODS! THE GRASS IS STILL BENT BUT THERE AIN'T NO DEW ON THE TRACKS! THAT MEANS IT HAPPENED AN HOUR OR TWO BEFORE DAWN!

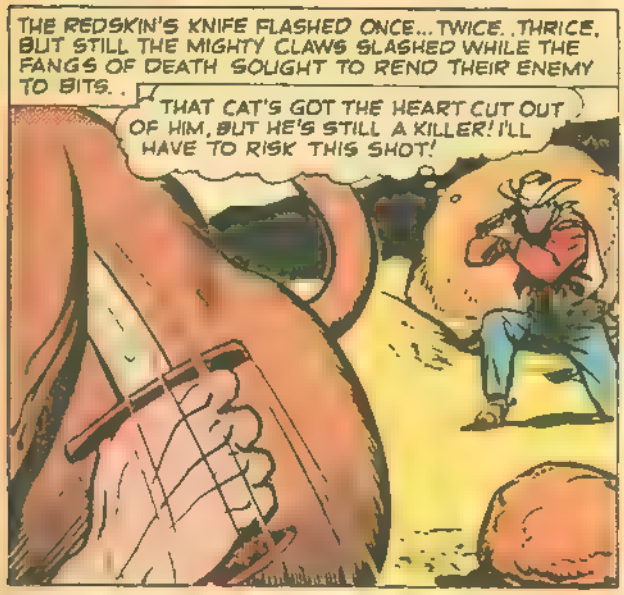
THERE'S SOMETHIN' POWERFUL FUNNY ABOUT THIS BUSINESS! I PLUMB DON'T GET IT! IT WOULD TAKE FIVE MEN TO MANGLE A STEER LIKE THAT! THERE AIN'T NO SIGNS OF THE LONGHORN BEIN' KILLED BY A KNIFE OR AN ARROW... AN' YET THAT REDSKIN'S TRACKS ARE ALL OVER THE PLACE!

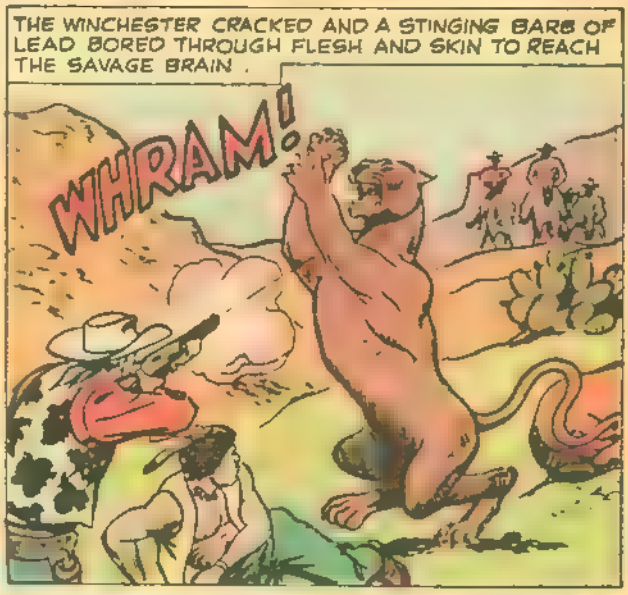

HE'S HEADED WEST TOWARDS THE HILLS AN' HITTIN' A HARD TROT!

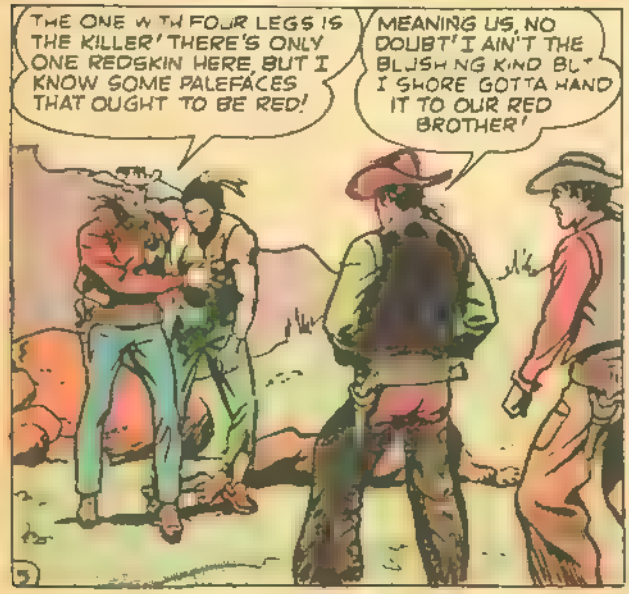

THE SUN REACHED ITS ZENITH AND STILL THE RELENTLESS TRACKER STALKED HIS DANGEROUS QUARRY OVER MILES OF RUGGED TERRAIN..
THE TRAIL'S GETTIN' WARMER, BUT THERE'S STILL SOMETHING MIGHTY PECULIAR ABOUT THE MAN I'M HUNTIN'! HE DOESN'T ACT LIKE A MAN RUNNING AWAY!
BACK THERE HIS TRAIL CIRCLED THAT RIDGE THREE TIMES, THEN CLIMBED A STEEP RAVINE! A MAN WHO'S RUNNING AWAY USUALLY TAKES AN EASY TRAIL! BLACK ARROW HAS BEEN RISKING DEATH WITH EACH STEP HE TOOK!
A MILE FURTHER, AND THE OUTLAW'S TRACKING INSTINCTS BROUGHT AN EVEN STRANGER CLUE
HE KNELT DOWN NEAR THIS LOG AND KEPT MOTIONLESS FOR ALMOST AN HOUR! A MAN STALKING BIG GAME WILL DO THAT!
I'VE BEEN DUMBER THAN A BURRO AND BLINDER THAN A DOGIE IN A SNOW STORM! NOW I GET IT! I'M STALKING BLACK ARROW, BUT BLACK ARROW IS STALKING SOMEBODY ELSE!
LET'S GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS THING, FELLOW! OUR QUARRY CAN'T BE TOO FAR OFF!
HE REACHED A BLUFF OVERLOOKING A ROLLING PASTURE, AND THERE BELOW HE WATCHED A MIGHTY DRAMA UNFOLD...
THERE'S THE ANSWER!
4

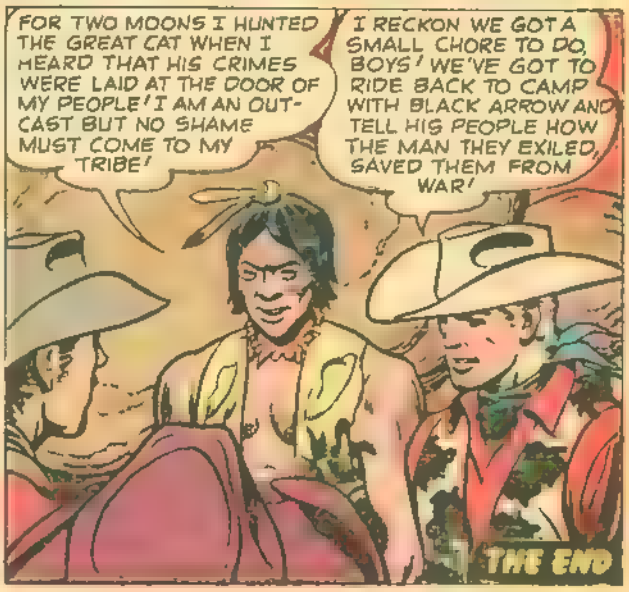












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JEFF TRACY looked down at the rawhide thongs that bound his hands to the saddle-pommel of the deep-barreled palomino. Then he looked up at his captor, Kent Remington, who had trailed him halfway across the rocky hills of Arizona to bring him back to justice. Kent, whose father had been killed in that bank holdup at Choctaw Creek, had sworn to bring Jeff Tracy in — dead or alive — and now Remington rode ahead of him, wounded in a gunfight with some of Tracy's men, and weak from loss of blood.

The blazing sun threw up waves of heat from the desert sand that blurred your vision and seemed to make the cactus dance. Jeff Tracy tried to ease his raw wrists, and finally he called out to Remington who looked as if he were asleep in the saddle.

"Hey — lawman! How about easing these thongs up a little? They're killing me."

Remington looked at him suspiciously from under five days' growth of beard. Then he looked at the clump of trees ahead and answered:

"We'll stop there awhile and grab a bite to eat and a sip of water. Then I'll handcuff you for awhile and rest your wrists.

They rode up to the oasis. Remington untied his prisoner and handcuffed the man to himself. Jeff watched him carefully. The lawman was badly hurt, and he wondered if the strenuous trip through the desert might not finish him. He studied the packs that the horses carried. Food enough for at least another week, and there were two waterbags — nearly empty now but they had enough to last for a couple of days. Maybe if Remington fell asleep he could do something.

They ate and drank sparingly. Remington eyed his prisoner with an ironic look on his face. "I know what you're thinking Tracy," he said. "You're figuring I won't last to take you in to Choctaw Creek. Well maybe —maybe I won't, but you'll never escape the justice you deserve."

Jeff Tracy said nothing, but he had to turn his face to keep Remington from seeing his smile. He whispered through his cracked lips. "Gimme a little more of that water."

"We haven't got enough. We'll have to take it easy." said Remington.

"You got enough in the other waterbags." insisted Jeff. "We ain't touched them since we stopped in Palo Canyon."

"That," answered Jeff, "is for the long trip back."

Jeff Tracy started to settle back against the tree to rest, but Remington jerked him to his feet by the handcuffs. "C'mon. We haven't got time to rest. We've got to keep moving."

"But I'm tired," complained Jeff. "And—and you need rest."

Remington started to say something, but Jeff could see that he was breathing hard. The lawman hesitated and then gave in. "Well maybe you're right," he said. "I should get a little rest." He settled down against the same tree at right angles to Tracy, and held his gun in his right hand. "But don't get any crazy ideas," he said softly, "because you'll never get out of this desert alive." He patted his .45. "And if I should die before I get you to Choctaw Creek, I'll drag you down from beyond the grave."

Jeff Tracy licked his dried lips and averted his gaze from Remington. He'd always been a superstitious cuss, and he hated talk of that kind.

He sat there quietly trying to figure some way of getting Remington before he got ready to leave again. It was almost impossible to do anything tied down to the pommel of a saddle, but here at close range to the weakened man there might be a chance. Remington's head started to nod, and the spark of hope flared in Jeff's breast. If he fell asleep there was the possibility that he could get the man's gun.

Just when Tracy thought the

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE...

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opportunity had come, Kent Remington roused himself and herded Jeff back onto his mount. "Got — to — keep — going," he muttered. And Jeff knew that his captor's time was near. They kept moving through the rim-rock gutted desert, and the endlessness of it all was depressing. But they were still about a weeks journey from Choctaw Creek, and Jeff knew that at some time during that journey Remington would die and he would escape. His only worry was that Remington would live so long that the water supply in the canteen would be used up, and they would have to dig into the precious liquid reserves that remained in the two waterbags on the deputy's horse. Those Jeff needed for his own escape.

It would have to be soon, he kept telling himself. Perhaps the next time they made camp he would have the opportunity to kill his captor and make good his escape into the desert. Maybe he'd even change clothes with the lawman so that when they found the bones that were left they'd think he died. He smiled at his own flash of brilliance and determined that when he got rid of Kent Remington, that was just what he would do.

It got dark quickly in the desert, and Jeff Tracy had no eye for the flaming beauty that filled the sky just before the darkness rolled over it like a blanket. He was surveying the area where Kent Remington was pitching the camp for the night. He noted a rock near the fire that seemed as if it would be the right size, and he planned to pretend that he would like to sleep close to the fire because it was cold.

It worked and the two men lay down by the fire. Jeff knew that with a little wriggling and rolling—he would pretend to be having a nightmare—he could get his hands on that rock.

Remington had his gun in his right hand, and was handcuffed to Jeff with his left. Soon he started to snore fitfully, as a man does when he is completely exhausted.

Jeff started to sigh and groan, pretending he was asleep, he reached out with his free hand toward the fire and grabbed for the rock. It was hot and he had to let it go, but he started moving it away from the fire. After a while he could hold it. He

raised it in his left hand and prepared to crash it down on Remington's head.

Remington woke with an intuitive start and saw the rock about to descend. He fired and the bullet caught Jeff in the left shoulder, but the rock kept coming and he crumpled under the blow.

With a hoarse shout of glee Jeff went through the deputy's pockets, found the 'cuff keys and freed himself. He took Remington's gun, and shot him three times as he lay there, defenseless, on the gound.

He was mad with joy and anticipation as he changed clothes with the dead man. He spooked the horse he had been riding, took the other one with the provisions and rode off into the desert in the opposite direction from which they had been going.

Jeff Tracy sang at the top of his voice as he rode with the freedom of a liberated bird. Then the morning came and the hot desert sun beat down upon his back. He slowed his pace. He was thirsty, terribly thirsty, but he was determined to wait another hour before he took a sip of the precious life-giving liquid. It would have to last for a long time, and there was not much of it left. He looked down at the arm which had stopped bleeding now, and he loosened the improvised tourniquet he had applied. His thirst was too much for him, and he unsnugged the waterbag from the back of the saddle. He raised it to his lips and took a deep swallow.

"Ah-h-h-h!" his voice came out in a wretched scream.

He threw the waterbag to the ground with an angry violence, and clawed at the ropes holding the other one to the saddle. He tasted the water from that bag. Then he stood there shrieking and waving his fists at the sky. The irony, and the horrible fulfillment of a dead man's prophecy. Remington, knowing that he would not live out the trip across the desert, had outwitted him. During the last stop at Palo Canyon, he had filled the bags with salt—horrible, tongue-swelling salt. As Jeff Tracy went screaming madly out into the hot, burning desert, he knew that Kent Remington had indeed come back from beyond the grave to avenge his own, and his father's death!

THE END 8269

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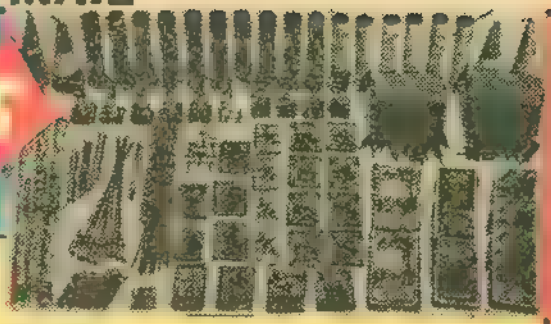

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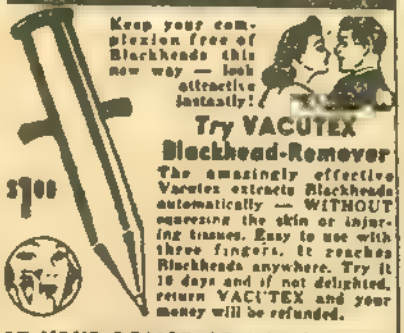

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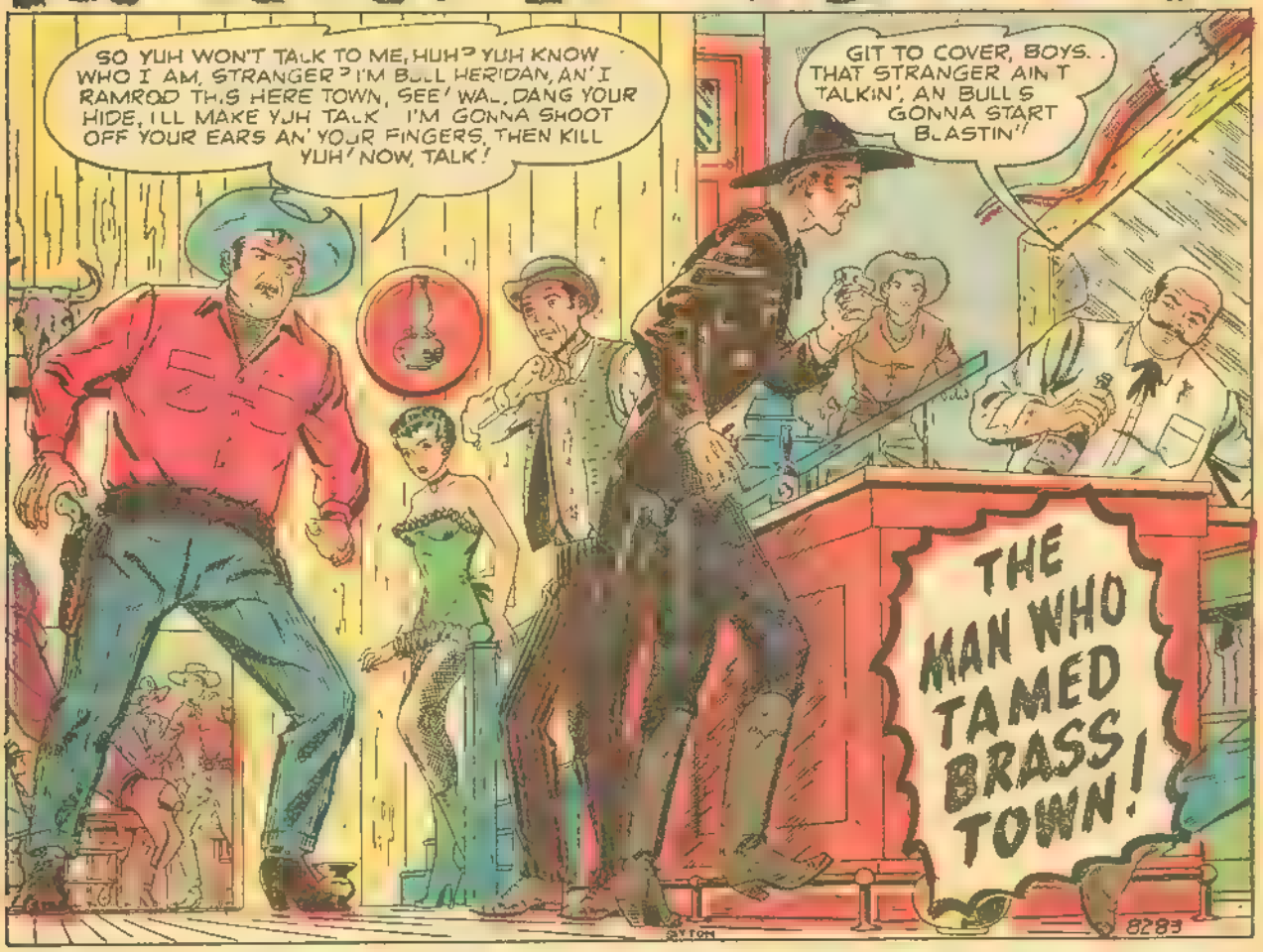
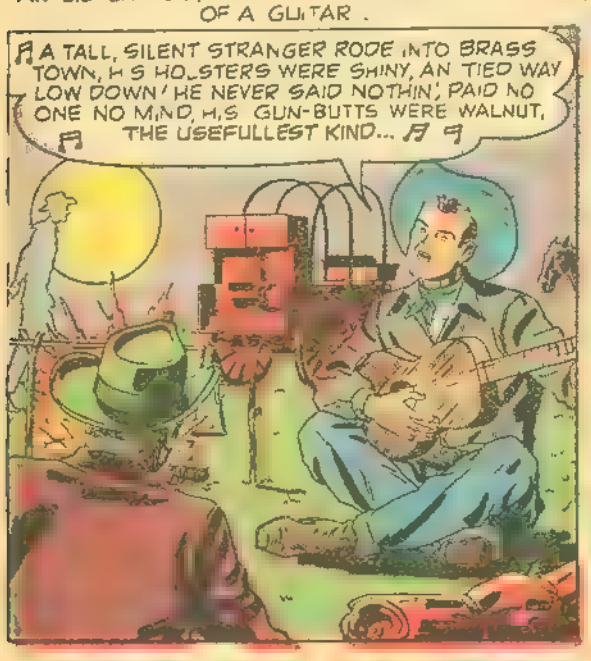
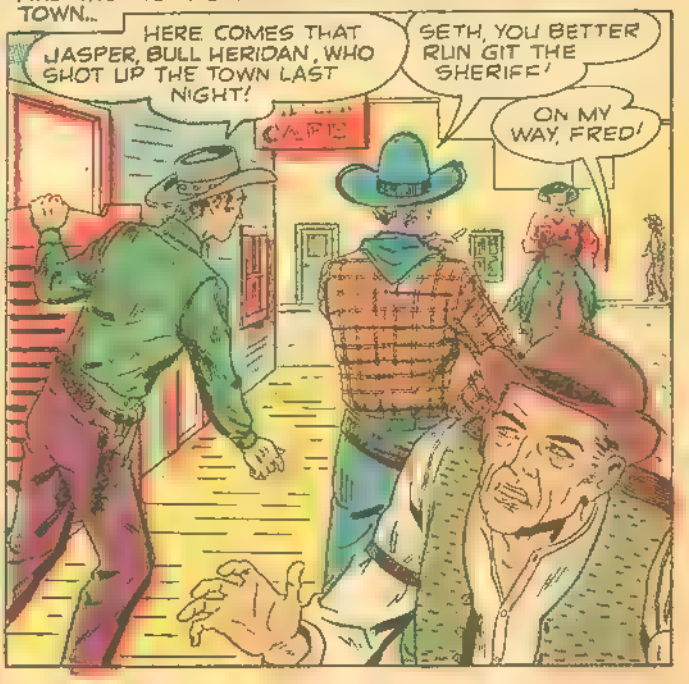


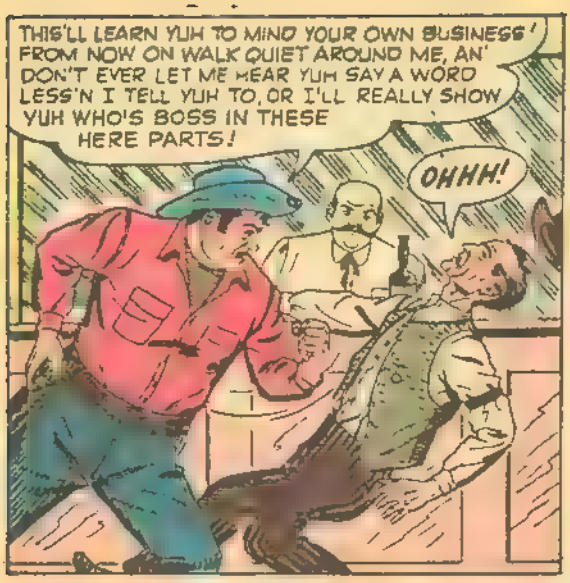
HUNKER DOWN AT OUR CAMP FIRE, STRANGER, AN' LISTEN TO A STORY SET TO THE STRUMMIN' OF A GUITAR.

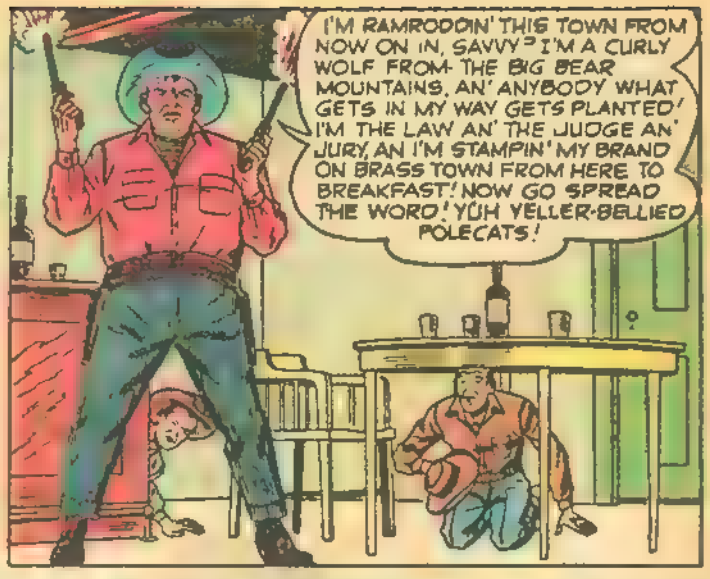


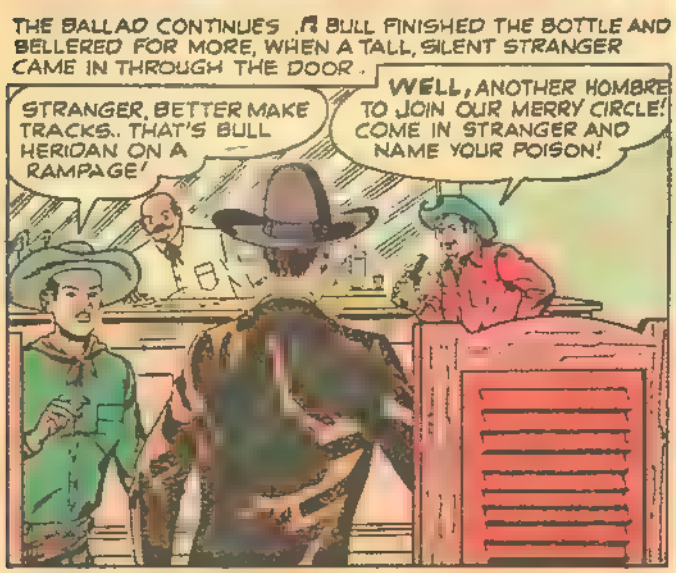
AND THE STORY BEHIND THE SONG BEGAN IN BRASS TOWN..



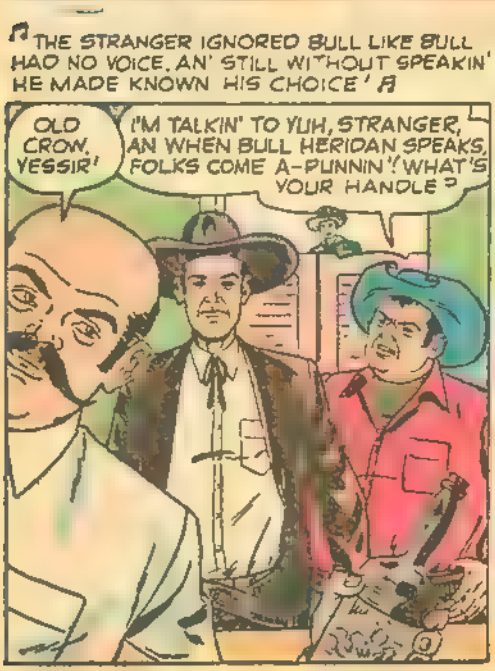
OUTTA THE WAY, YUH SPAVINED COYOTES! BULL HERIDAN WALKS BIG AN' LIKES PLENTY ROOM WHEN HE'S A-DOIN' IT!
GIMME A SHOT OF L.KKER AN' MAKE DANG SURE IT'S THE BEST IN THE HOUSE OR I'LL TEAR YOUR SCALP OFF! UNDERSTAND?
S-SURE, MISTER ...THE BEST IN THE HOUSE!
TAKE THIS GLASS AWAY! WHERE I COME FROM A BOTTLE'S A SHOT!
HOLD ON THERE, MISTER!
WAL, IF IT AIN'T THE SO-CALLED LAW IN THESE HERE PARTS! I DON'T COTTON TUH BADGE-TOTERS, MISTER, SO SAY YOUR PIECE AN VAMOOSE!
BULL, YOU CUT UP QUITE A RUCKUS IN TOWN LAST NIGHT, AN' WE FOLKS DON'T LIKE THAT KINDA GOIN'S ON... SO I'M ASKIN' YUH TO HIT THE TRAIL PEACEFUL LIKE OR I'M GOIN' TO JUG YOU AN' HOLD YOU TRIAL!
THAT'S SETTIN' 'IM STRAIGHT, SHERIFF!
NO MAN TELLS ME WHAT TO DO, OR WHEN TO DO IT! I'M GONNA RIP THIS PICAYUNE TOWN WIDE OPEN, AND IF YUH THINK YUH C'N STOP ME, DRAW YOUR CUTTER!
YOU CALLED THE TUNE, BULL"
YEAH, AN' I PLAY THE MUSIC, TOO!
ARRRGH!
YUH YUH KILLED HIM, AN' HIM A FAMILY MAN!
YOU WAS THE JASPER WHAT BRUNG HIM, A.N'T YUH? I'M GONNA TEACH YOU A LESSON TOO, YUH LITTLE BUM!
2

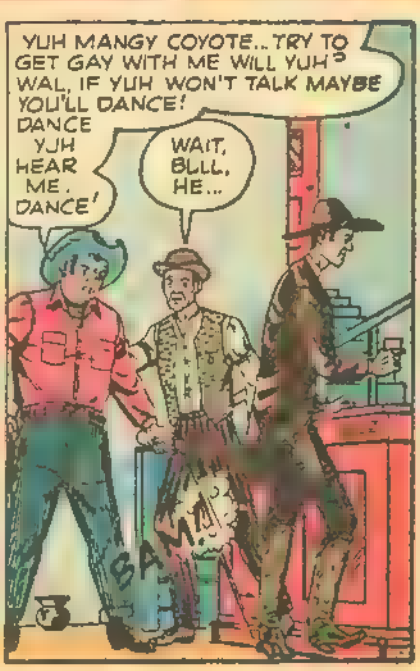

THIS'LL LEARN YUH TO MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS! FROM NOW ON WALK QUIET AROUND ME, AN' DON'T EVER LET ME HEAR YUH SAY A WORD LESS'N I TELL YUH TO, OR I'LL REALLY SHOW YUH WHO'S BOSS IN THESE HERE PARTS!
OHHH!


I'M RAMRODDIN' THIS TOWN FROM NOW ON IN, SAVVY? I'M A CURLY WOLF FROM THE BIG BEAR MOUNTAINS, AN' ANYBODY WHAT GETS IN MY WAY GETS PLANTED! I'M THE LAW AN' THE JUDGE AN' JURY, AN I'M STAMPIN' MY BRAND ON BRASS TOWN FROM HERE TO BREAKFAST! NOW GO SPREAD THE WORD! YUH YELLER-BELLIED POLECATS!


THE BALLAD CONTINUES . BULL FINISHED THE BOTTLE AND BELLERED FOR MORE, WHEN A TALL, SILENT STRANGER CAME IN THROUGH THE DOOR .
STRANGER, BETTER MAKE TRACKS.. THAT'S BULL HERIDAN ON A RAMPAGE!
WELL, ANOTHER HOMBRE TO JOIN OUR MERRY CIRCLE! COME IN STRANGER AND NAME YOUR POISON!

WHAT'S YOUR HANDLE, STRANGER?
LOOK, THE STRANGER AIN'T PAYIN' NO HEED TO BULL AT ALL!
NARY A BIT, ..AN' I KNOW WHY!


THE STRANGER IGNORED BULL LIKE BULL HAD NO VOICE. AN' STILL WITHOUT SPEAKIN' HE MADE KNOWN HIS CHOICE!
OLD CROW, YESSIR!
I'M TALKIN' TO YUH, STRANGER, AN WHEN BULL HERIDAN SPEAKS, FOLKS COME A-PUNNIN'! WHAT'S YOUR HANDLE?


YUH MANGY COYOTE.. TRY TO GET GAY WITH ME WILL YUH? WAL, IF YUH WON'T TALK MAYBE YOU'LL DANCE!
DANCE YUH HEAR ME, DANCE!
WAIT, BULL, HE...
BAM!

SHUT YOUR MOUTH! I TOL' YUH NEVER TO OPEN IT LESS'N I TELL YUH TO! NEXT TIME I'LL CLOSE IT PERMANENT!
UGH! ALL RIGHT... I WON'T SAY ANOTHER WORD!
CRACK!

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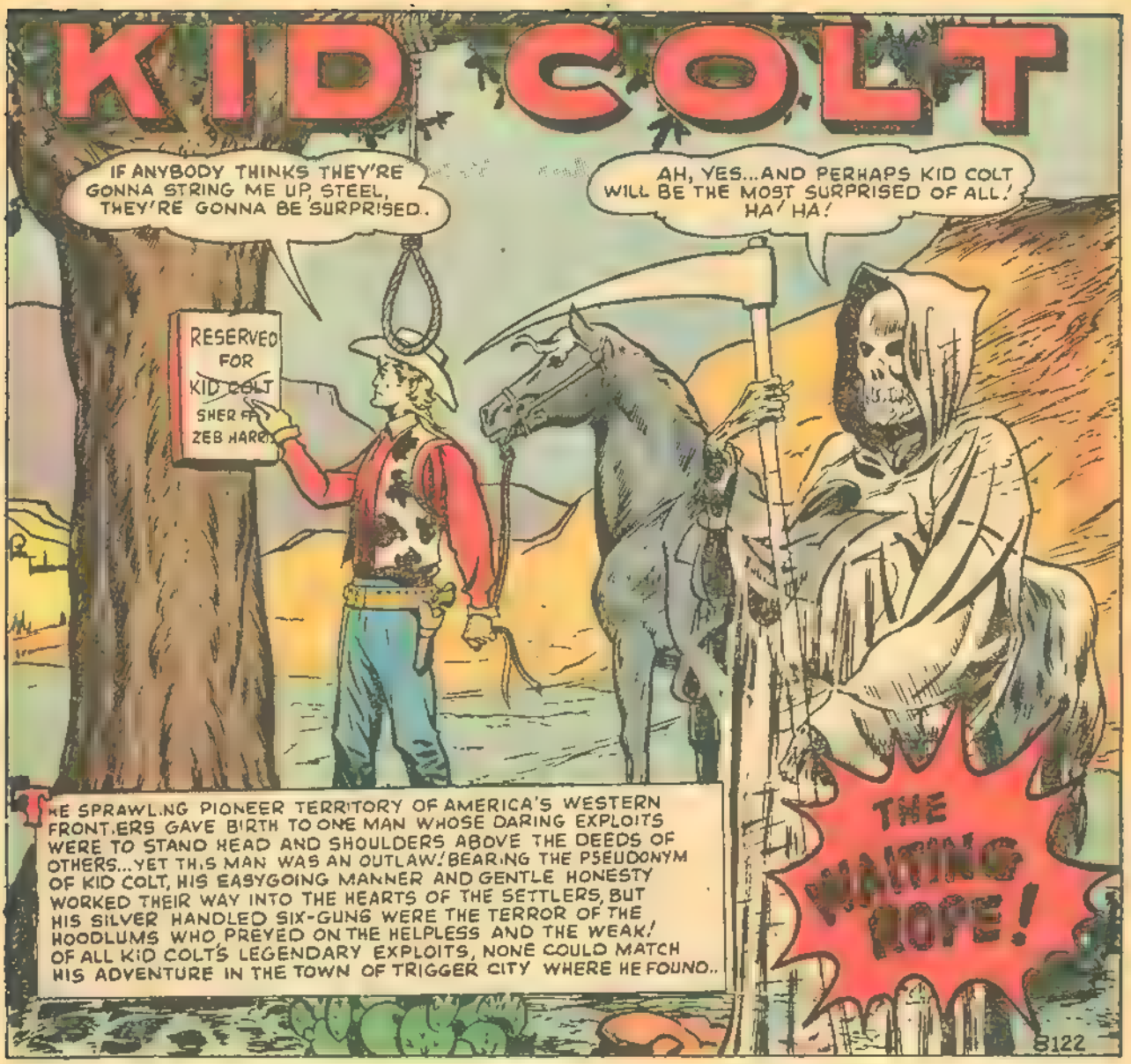
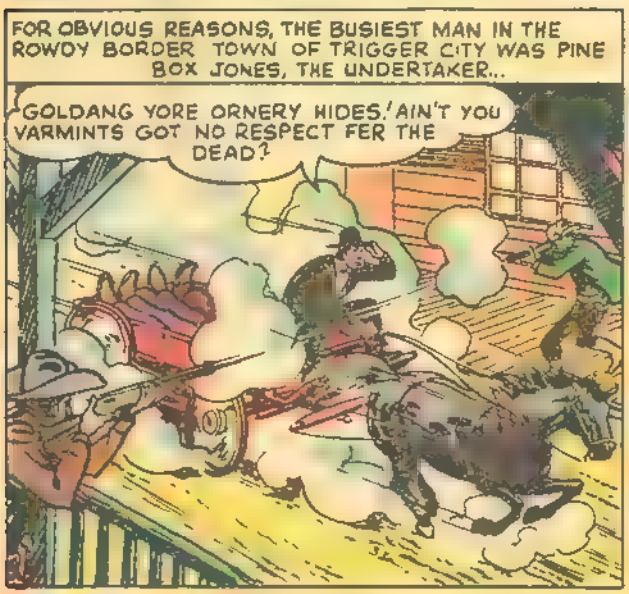
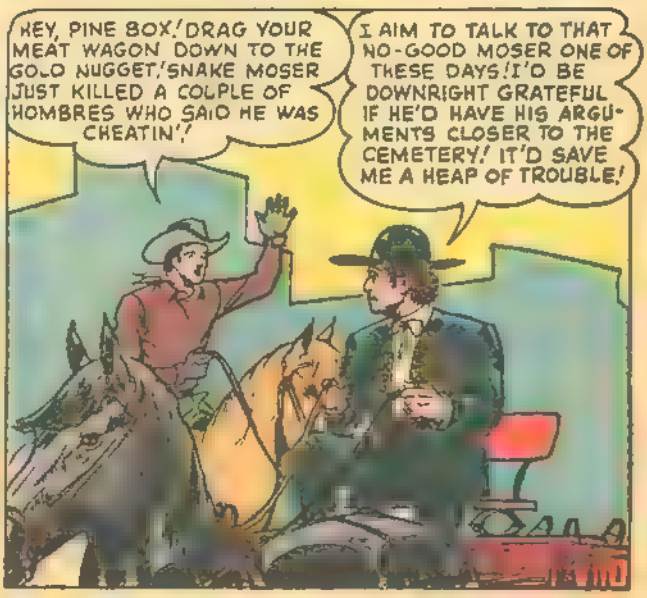
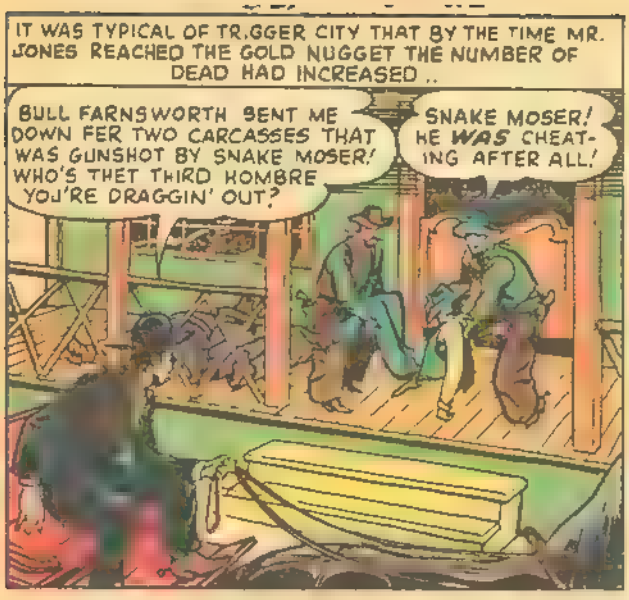
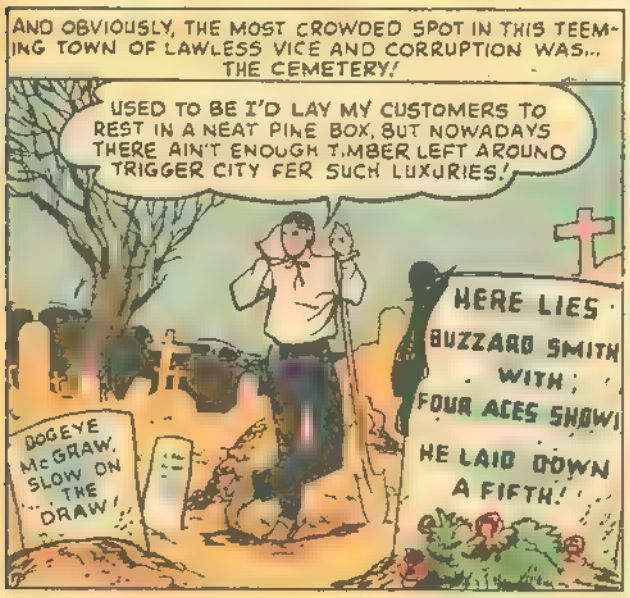

KID COLT
IF ANYBODY THINKS THEY'RE GONNA STRING ME UP, STEEL, THEY'RE GONNA BE SURPRISED.
AH, YES...AND PERHAPS KID COLT WILL BE THE MOST SURPRISED OF ALL! HA! HA!
RESERVED FOR KID COLT
SHER FF
ZEB HARD
THE SPRAWLING PIONEER TERRITORY OF AMERICA'S WESTERN FRONTIERS GAVE BIRTH TO ONE MAN WHOSE DARING EXPLOITS WERE TO STAND HEAD AND SHOULDERS ABOVE THE DEEDS OF OTHERS...YET THIS MAN WAS AN OUTLAW! BEARING THE PSEUDONYM OF KID COLT, HIS EASYGOING MANNER AND GENTLE HONESTY WORKED THEIR WAY INTO THE HEARTS OF THE SETTLERS, BUT HIS SILVER HANDLED SIX-GUNS WERE THE TERROR OF THE HOODLUMS WHO PREYED ON THE HELPLESS AND THE WEAK! OF ALL KID COLT'S LEGENDARY EXPLOITS, NONE COULD MATCH HIS ADVENTURE IN THE TOWN OF TRIGGER CITY WHERE HE FOUND..
THE WAITING ROPE!
8122

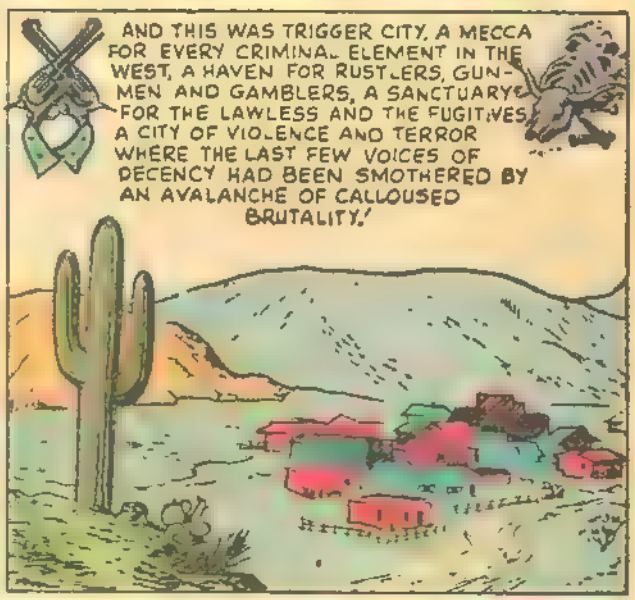

FOR OBVIOUS REASONS, THE BUSIEST MAN IN THE ROWDY BORDER TOWN OF TRIGGER CITY WAS PINE BOX JONES, THE UNDERTAKER...
GOLDANG YORE ORNERY HIDES! AIN'T YOU VARMINTS GOT NO RESPECT FER THE DEAD?

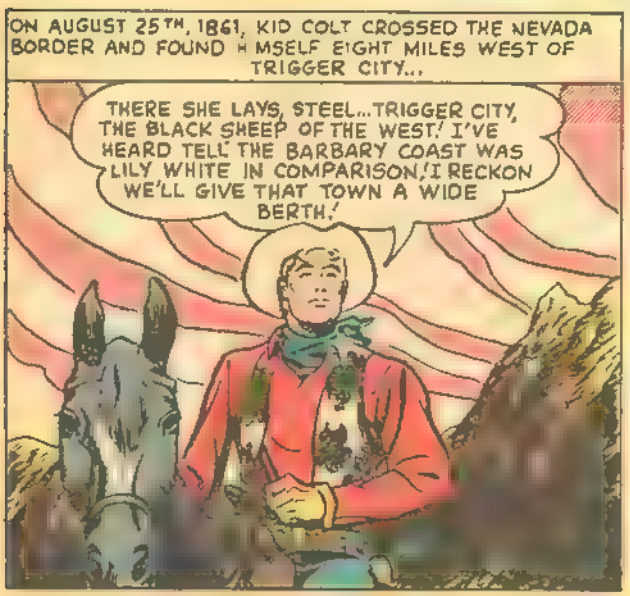

HEY, PINE BOX! DRAG YOUR MEAT WAGON DOWN TO THE GOLD NUGGET, SNAKE MOSER JUST KILLED A COUPLE OF HOMBRES WHO SAID HE WAS CHEATIN'!
I AIM TO TALK TO THAT NO-GOOD MOSER ONE OF THESE DAYS! I'D BE DOWNRIGHT GRATEFUL IF HE'D HAVE HIS ARGUMENTS CLOSER TO THE CEMETERY! IT'D SAVE ME A HEAP OF TROUBLE!


IT WAS TYPICAL OF TR.GGER CITY THAT BY THE TIME MR. JONES REACHED THE GOLD NUGGET THE NUMBER OF DEAD HAD INCREASED ..
BULL FARNSWORTH SENT ME DOWN FER TWO CARCASSES THAT WAS GUNSHOT BY SNAKE MOSER! WHO'S THET THIRD HOMBRE YOU'RE DRAGGIN' OUT?
SNAKE MOSER! HE WAS CHEATING AFTER ALL!

GOLDANGEST TOWN I EVER HEARD OF! THAR'S A BIGGER POPULATION IN THE CEMETERY THAN THERE IS IN TOWN! GOLDANGEST TOWN I EVER HEARD OF!
QUIT BEEFIN' AN' HAUL OFF THIS BUZZARD BAIT 'AFORE YORE HIDE'S IN THIS BUCKBOARD WITH THE REST OF 'EM!

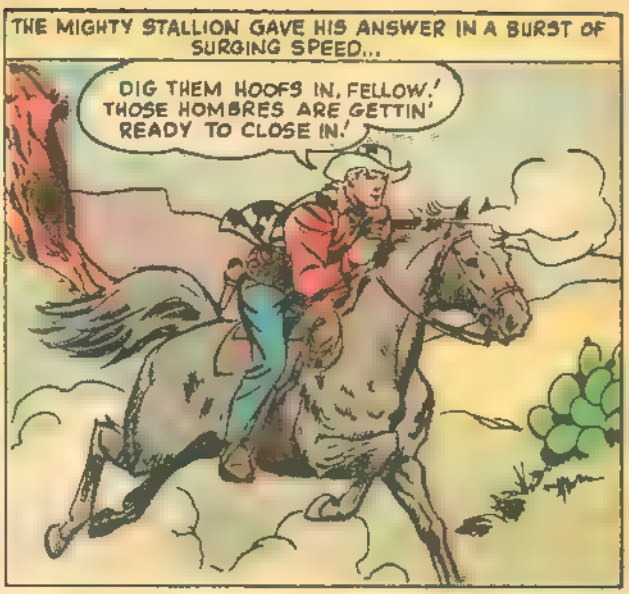

AND OBVIOUSLY, THE MOST CROWDED SPOT IN THIS TEEMING TOWN OF LAWLESS VICE AND CORRUPTION WAS... THE CEMETERY!
USED TO BE I'D LAY MY CUSTOMERS TO REST IN A NEAT PINE BOX, BUT NOWADAYS THERE AIN'T ENOUGH T.MBER LEFT AROUND TRIGGER CITY FER SUCH LUXURIES!
HERE LIES BUZZARD SMITH WITH FOUR ACES SHOWI HE LAID DOWN A FIFTH!
DOGEYE McGRAW, SLOW ON THE DRAW!

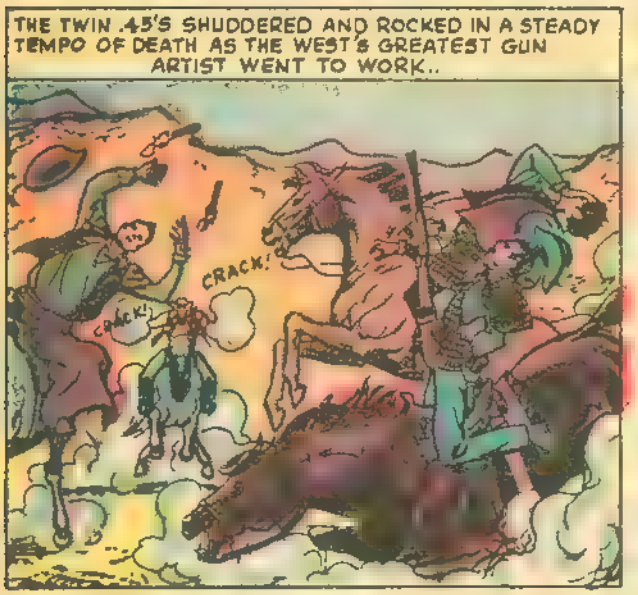

AND THIS WAS TRIGGER CITY, A MECCA FOR EVERY CRIMINAL ELEMENT IN THE WEST, A HAVEN FOR RUSTLERS, GUNMEN AND GAMBLERS, A SANCTUARY FOR THE LAWLESS AND THE FUGITIVES, A CITY OF VIOLENCE AND TERROR WHERE THE LAST FEW VOICES OF DECENCY HAD BEEN SMOTHERED BY AN AVALANCHE OF CALLOUSED BRUTALITY.

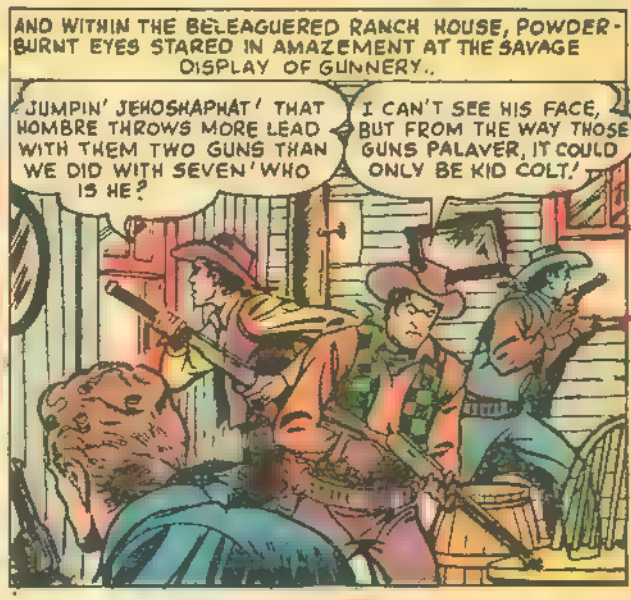

ON AUGUST 25TH, 1861, KID COLT CROSSED THE NEVADA BORDER AND FOUND HIMSELF EIGHT MILES WEST OF TRIGGER CITY...
THERE SHE LAYS, STEEL...TRIGGER CITY, THE BLACK SHEEP OF THE WEST! I'VE HEARD TELL THE BARBARY COAST WAS LILY WHITE IN COMPARISON, I RECKON WE'LL GIVE THAT TOWN A WIDE BERTH!

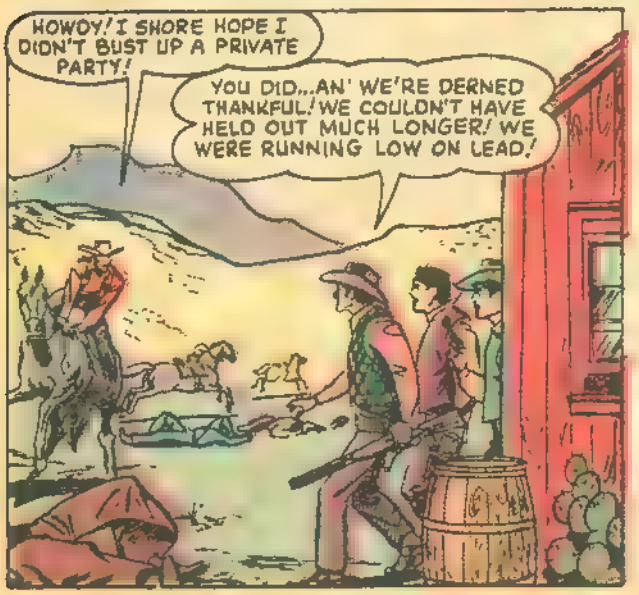
LET'S GO, STEEL! THAT GUNF RE'S COMIN' FROM THE VALLEY BEYOND THAT RIDGE YONDER!
WHRAM!
CRACK!
BANG!
BANG!
CRACK!
2

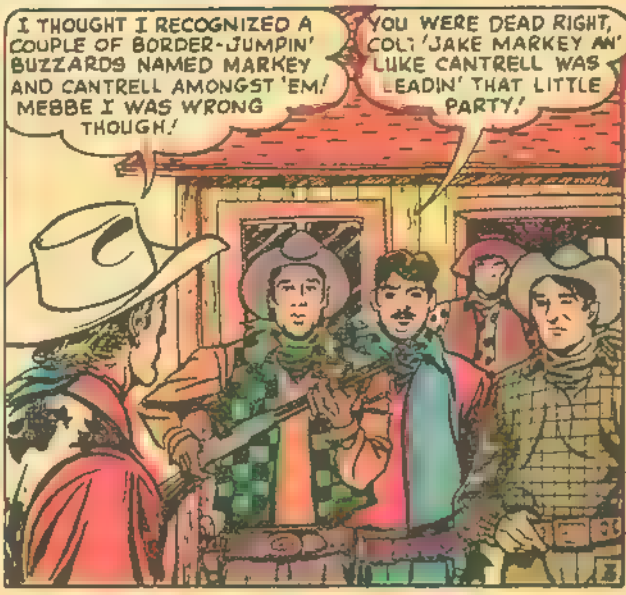
WELL, I RECKON WE JUST CAN'T STEER CLEAR OF TROUBLE, BOY! I'M GIVIN' YOU THE REINS! DO WE JOIN THE RUMPUS, OR DO WE CLOSE OUR EYES AN' KEEP TRAVELLIN'?


THE MIGHTY STALLION GAVE HIS ANSWER IN A BURST OF SURGING SPEED...
DIG THEM HOOFS IN, FELLOW! THOSE HOMBRES ARE GETTIN' READY TO CLOSE IN!

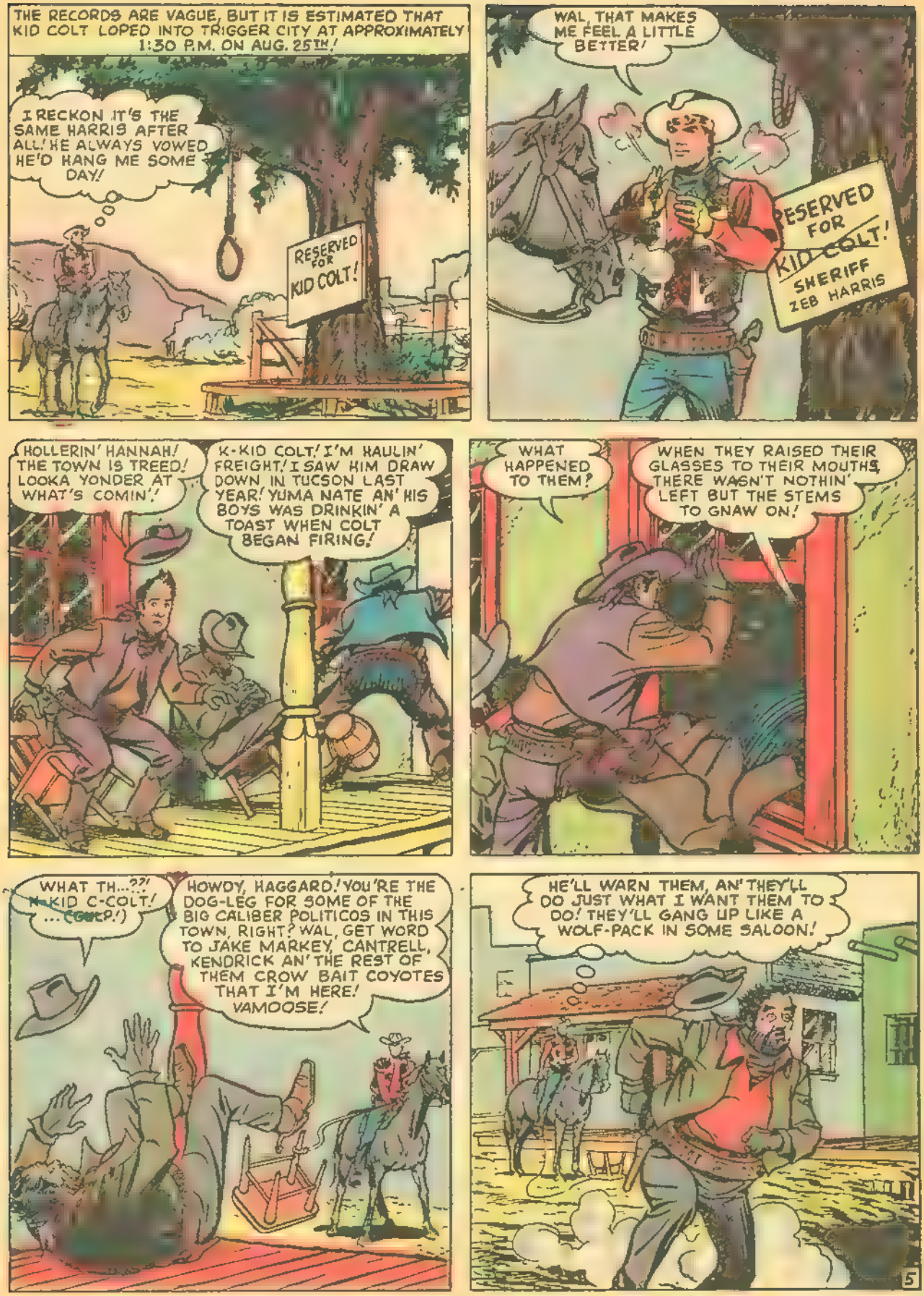

THE TWIN .45'S SHUDDERED AND ROCKED IN A STEADY TEMPO OF DEATH AS THE WEST'S GREATEST GUN ARTIST WENT TO WORK..
CRACK!
CRACK!


AND WITHIN THE BELEAGUERED RANCH HOUSE, POWDER-BURNT EYES STARED IN AMAZEMENT AT THE SAVAGE DISPLAY OF GUNNERY..
JUMPIN' JEHOSHAPHAT! THAT HOMBRE THROWS MORE LEAD WITH THEM TWO GUNS THAN WE DID WITH SEVEN! WHO IS HE?
I CAN'T SEE HIS FACE, BUT FROM THE WAY THOSE GUNS PALAVER, IT COULD ONLY BE KID COLT!

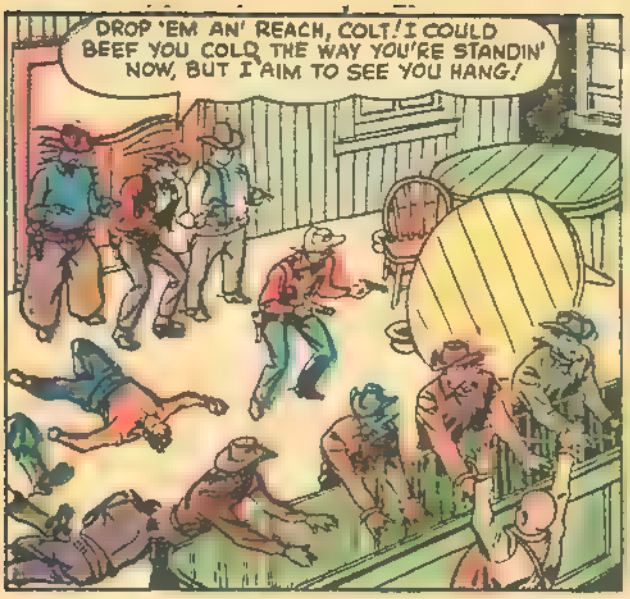

HOWDY! I SHORE HOPE I DIDN'T BUST UP A PRIVATE PARTY!
YOU DID..AN' WE'RE DERNED THANKFUL! WE COULDN'T HAVE HELD OUT MUCH LONGER! WE WERE RUNNING LOW ON LEAD!

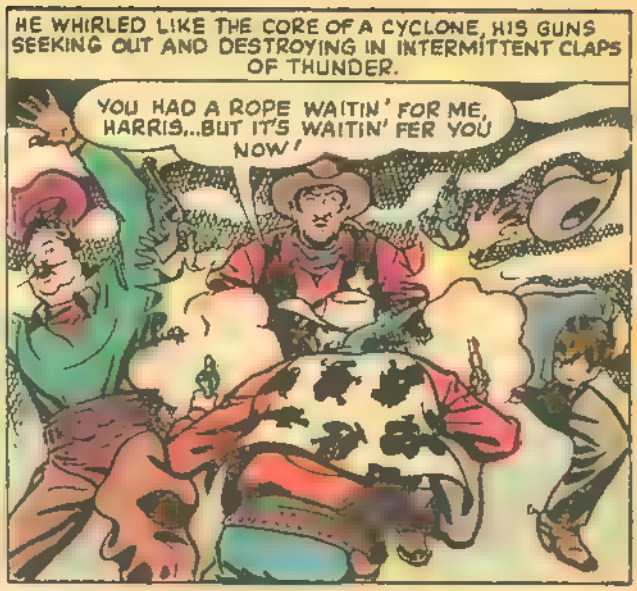

I THOUGHT I RECOGNIZED A COUPLE OF BORDER-JUMPIN' BUZZARDS NAMED MARKEY AND CANTRELL AMONGST 'EM! MEBBE I WAS WRONG THOUGH.
YOU WERE DEAD RIGHT, COLT! JAKE MARKEY AN' LUKE CANTRELL WAS LEADIN' THAT LITTLE PARTY!

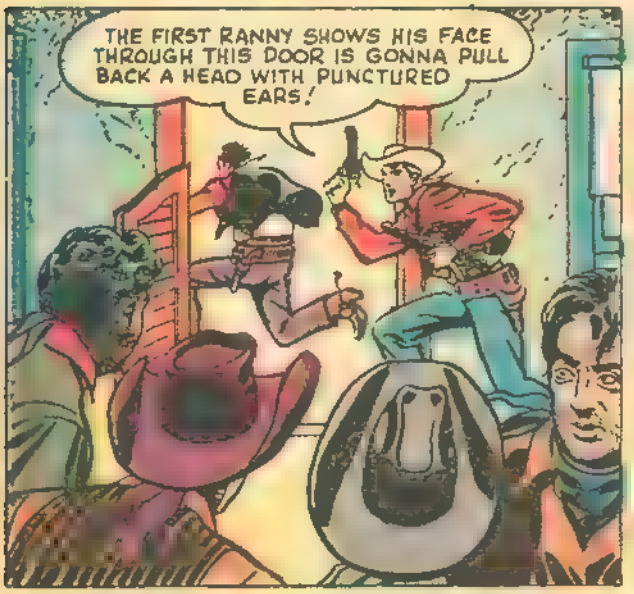
HOW ABOUT RELOADIN' AN' GOIN' AFTER THEM? I GOT A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH MARKEY AND CANTRELL!
YOU GOT AS MUCH CHANCE OF SETTLIN' THAT SCORE AS A ONE ARMED PUNCHER GOT OF FOLLERIN' A WOUNDED GRIZZLY INTO HIS CAVE! THEM RANNIES ARE HEADIN' FOR TRIGGER CITY!
I RECKON THERE'S MORE TO THIS THAN MEETS THE EYE! WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?
IT'S ABOUT MURDER AND THIEVERY, RUSTLING AN' LOOTING! IT'S ABOUT EVERY DIRTY, LAWLESS TRICK IN THE BOOK, AND MORE BESIDES!
NAME EVERY RAMRODDIN' KILLER IN THE WEST! NAME EVERY CUTTHROAT RUSTLER AN' STAGE HOPPER FROM WICHITA TO YUMA...AND YOU'LL FIND 'EM ALL IN TRIGGER CITY! ABE KENDRICK! ...PIPER MACY...DOGEYE MARTIN! THEY'RE ALL THERE!
WE'RE ALL THAT'S LEFT OF FIFTY RESPECTABLE RANCHERS! THEY'VE PLUNDERED AND RUSTLED OUR HERDS, LOOTED AND BURNED OUR HOMES, AMBUSHED AN' THREATENED US AN' OUR FAMILIES!
AN' THEY HOLE UP IN TRIGGER CITY, EH?
YEAH, THEY HOLE UP THERE! THE TOWN IS THEIRS. CORRUPT, LAWLESS AND WIDE OPEN! WE SENT FOR TROOPS, BUT THEY TURNED BACK AFTER THE FIRST FUSILADE! WE'RE LICKED... WIPED OUT!
DON'T SAY YOU'RE LICKED! YOU MEN ROUND UP EVERY HONEST HOMBRE, WHO CAN FAN A SIX-GUN! GIVE ME TWO HOURS IN TRIGGER CITY... THEN COME IN!
Y-YOU M-MEAN YOU'RE HEADIN' INTO TOWN BY YORESELF?
NO! I'M TAKIN' MY SIX-GUNS WITH ME! BY THE WAY, WHO'S THE SHERIFF IN THAT PEACE LOVIN' CITY?
A BLACK-HEARTED KILLER NAMED ZEB HARRIS! HANGMAN HARRIS, WE CALL HIM!
HANGMAN HARRIS, EH? A RANNY BY THAT NAME ONCE TURNED ME IN TO THE LAW IN DODGE CITY! I'M SHORE ANXIOUS TO SEE HIM AGAIN!
4

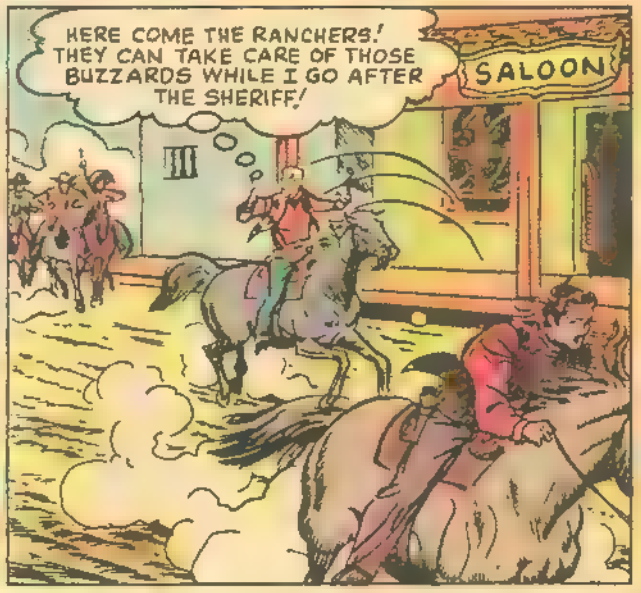

THE RECORDS ARE VAGUE, BUT IT IS ESTIMATED THAT KID COLT LOPED INTO TRIGGER CITY AT APPROXIMATELY 1:30 P.M. ON AUG. 25TH!
I RECKON IT'S THE SAME HARRIS AFTER ALL! HE ALWAYS VOWED HE'D HANG ME SOME DAY!
RESERVED FOR KID COLT!
WAL, THAT MAKES ME FEEL A LITTLE BETTER!
RESERVED FOR KID COLT! SHERIFF ZEB HARRIS
HOLLERIN' HANNAH! THE TOWN IS TREED! LOOKA YONDER AT WHAT'S COMIN'!
K-KID COLT! I'M HAULIN' FREIGHT! I SAW HIM DRAW DOWN IN TUCSON LAST YEAR! YUMA NATE AN' HIS BOYS WAS DRINKIN' A TOAST WHEN COLT BEGAN FIRING!
WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM?
WHEN THEY RAISED THEIR GLASSES TO THEIR MOUTHS, THERE WASN'T NOTHIN' LEFT BUT THE STEMS TO GNAW ON!
WHAT TH...??! KID C-COLT! ...COLT!)
HOWDY, HAGGARD! YOU'RE THE DOG-LEG FOR SOME OF THE BIG CALIBER POLITICOS IN THIS TOWN, RIGHT? WAL, GET WORD TO JAKE MARKEY, CANTRELL, KENDRICK AN' THE REST OF THEM CROW BAIT COYOTES THAT I'M HERE! VAMOOSE!
HE'LL WARN THEM, AN' THEY'LL DO JUST WHAT I WANT THEM TO DO! THEY'LL GANG UP LIKE A WOLF-PACK IN SOME SALOON!
5

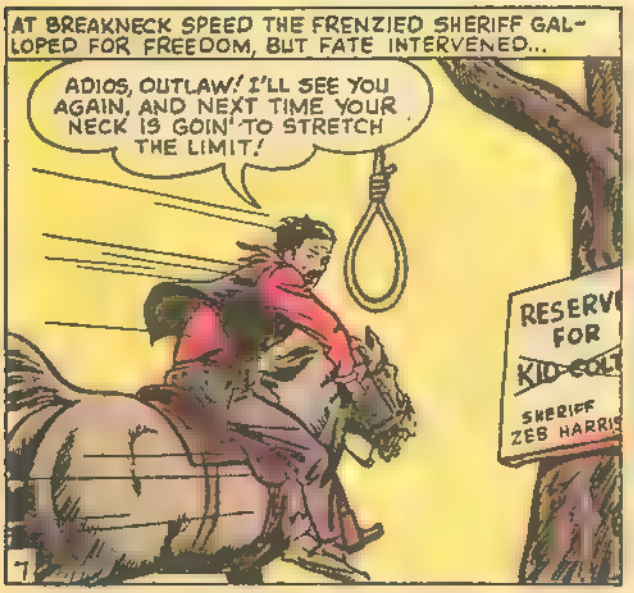
CASH IN YORE CHIPS, BOYS! KID COLT'S IN TOWN AN' HE'S GOT EACH ONE OF YOU PEGGED FOR A DRAW!
WAIT A MINUTE, HAGGARD! NOT EVEN COLT WOULD DARE RIDE INTO TRIGGER CITY ALONE! YOU SURE IT'S HIM?
I AIN'T HANGIN' AROUND TO FIND OUT! IT'S HIM ALL RIGHT! I SAW HIM WORK THEM SIX-GUNS OF HIS'N DOWN IN TUCSON!
WE'LL TAKE HIM QUICK, BOYS! PULL YORE HARDWARE AN' TAKE A STAND NEAR THE WINDOWS! WE'LL BLAST HIM WHEN HE RIDES THROUGH!
YOU BUSHWACKIN' RATTLERS LOOK N' FER ME?
THEY WHEELED WITH GUNS BLAZING, BUT THE GREAT SILVER-HANDLED COLTS WERE ALREADY BARKING LEFT RIGHT. LEFT RIGHT!
DROP 'EM OR USE 'EM!
LISTEN CLOSE, ALL OF YOU CLIMB OUT OF THEM GUN-BELTS AND HEAVE THEM ON THE STREET OUTSIDE!
I HEARD A RUMOR KID COLT WAS IN TOWN! RECKON, IT AIN'T NO RUMOR THOUGH!
IT'S TIME I Q-QUIT D-DRINKIN'! DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?
HERE COMES SHERIFF HARRIS AN' HIS RAMRODS! IF HE DRAWS ON COLT WE'RE GONNA HAVE AN EARLY MORN.N' FUNERAL FOLLOWED BY AN ELECTION!
6

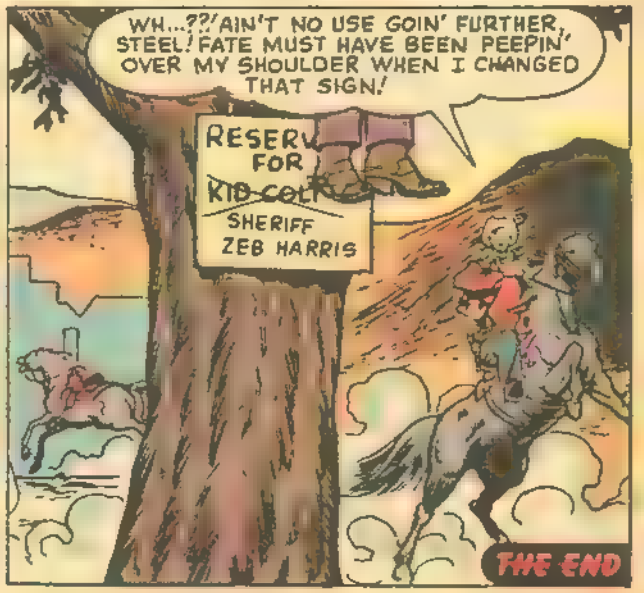












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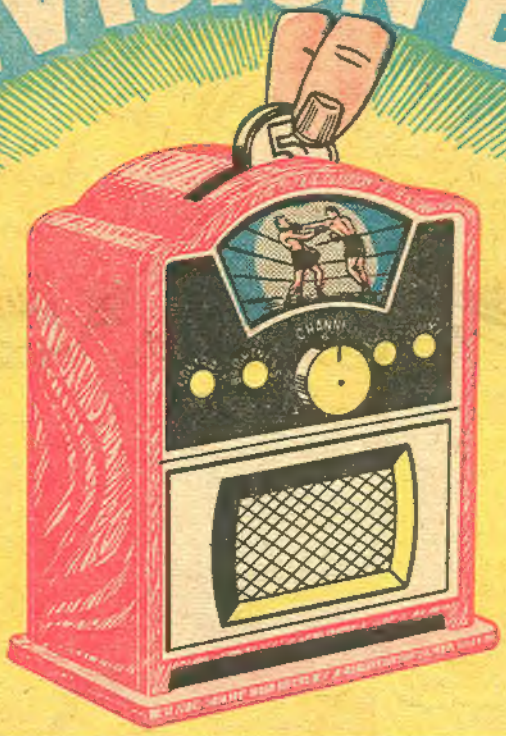

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LIGHTS UP THE MINUTE YOU DROP COIN! Just click a penny, nickel, dime or quarter into top slot. Instantly your grand new Television Bank lights up—in a big, BIG way! In a split second, the screen leaps into dazzling life!

AND WOW! WHAT A PICTURE! Whether you go for "zowie" shows (fights and such) or want a dream dance-team or peppy cartoon, you've got them—and MORE—right on this miracle Television Bank! What's more, shining convex lens over screen gives you the brightest, clearest, pictures yet!

TURN OF KNOB SHOWS NEXT EXCITING PICTURE! When you've looked your admiring fill at one picture, just turn center knob for next thrill-packed "show." Light goes out automatically as new picture appears! To light new picture, bank another coin. No less than SIX exciting pictures in all—a fight, dramatic dance team, tense rodeo scene, hilarious cartoon, swell figure skater and circus clown with his trick dog!

PUTS YOU "IN THE MONEY"—AND FAST! Your savings pile up PLENTY FAST—and with this marvelous new Television Bank! None of your friends, relatives or chance visitors can resist depositing enough to see the complete show! And with SIX wonderful pictures to see—you bank REAL MONEY just for letting them look!

IT'S A HONEY—IN EVERY DETAIL! You'll be the envy of all your friends with grand new Television Bank! A console model, it's an exact miniature of the most expensive sets. Complete even to the handsomely painted-on speaker grille and dials. All metal ruggedly built bank, 4¾" x 4", has smart mahogany finish. Automatic screen light powered by efficient, replaceable battery. GUARANTEED TO DELIGHT YOU, bank comes complete with bulb, battery and strong key for opening and emptying out your wealth of savings.

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You, too, can play piano with BOTH hands, in no time at all! Thousands have learned to play this fast, easy way. With the amazing, new invention, the AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR there's really nothing to it. Before long you're playing songs everyone enjoys . . . from Hit Parade numbers and hymns to beautiful old ballads.

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NO SCALES!
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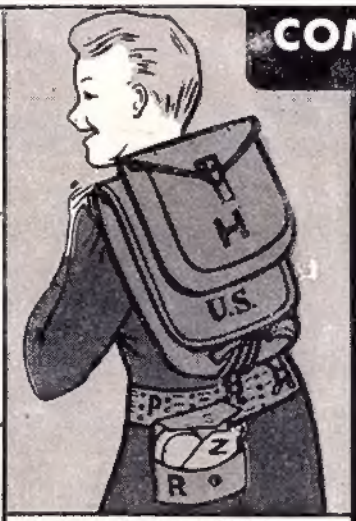

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Clasp your hands over your ABDOMEN, press upwards and in gently but FIRMLY. You feel better, don't you! That's just what the UP-LIFT adjustable FIGURE-ADJUSTER does for you, only the FIGURE-ADJUSTER does it better. MAIL COUPON AND TEST IT AT HOME FOR 10 days *FREE at our expense!* NO OTHER GIRDLE AT ANY PRICE CAN GIVE YOU BETTER SUPPORT, *can make you look better, feel better or appear slimmer and younger!* Sizes 24 to 44 waist.

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Color..... 2nd color choice.....

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City..... Zone.... State.....

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